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SATURDAY REVIEW

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We beg to state that we decline to return or to enter into correspondence as to rejected communications; and to this rule we can make no exception. Manuscripts not acknowledged within four weeks are rejected.

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

There is again talk of an early General Election. This time it is prompted by Mr. Asquith's "feeler" as to what the Unionist party would do if he went to the country on the Home Rule Bill and the country approved it. Some think he is feeling for a way out of the Ulster impasse. If he is beaten at the election, his troubles are over; if he wins, the Unionist party will not aid Ulster in resistance. This does not, however, get rid of that resistance; by no means: and this may well turn the scale against an election. If only defeat can get them out of this Ulster difficulty, better wait to be defeated until after they have passed some Bills. Meantime, the possibility of an election has quickened the desire to remove the food-tax question from the Unionist programme for the next campaign. It is now clear that the great majority of the party desire this, as the Lancashire Unionist members no doubt impressed on Mr. Bonar Law in their private conference with him.

All through the Home Rule controversy the Government party and their journals have made light of the opposition of Ulster and ridiculed the leadership of Sir Edward Carson. Now at the end of the debate—at least of the debate on the exclusion of Ulster—the Prime Minister (1) declares he has always taken the Ulster opposition most seriously and (2) compliments Sir Edward Carson on a "powerful and moving" speech. How are you to deal with a party that is run on these lines? whose plan is to ridicule Ulster and its leader in the country and in the Press, to declare that all its talk of resistance is empty brag and wind; and then in the House to admit that the Ulster movement is perfectly genuine and serious and that its leader is

powerful and moving? Hypocrisy is often hard to deal with. How much harder when it appears to be organised by astute minds!

Mr. Bonar Law was rebuked by Mr. Churchill for saying that Ulster would rather be under a foreign country than under Nationalist Ireland. Mr. Churchill exclaims, "Germany for instance!"—recalling to one a famous Liberal saying about "the conscript appanage" of that Power. But why drag in Germany which is always a dangerous name—and which once cost a Liberal First Lord of the Admiralty dear? There is no doubt Ulster would rather be the "conscript appanage" of some European Power than of Mr. Redmond and the shady allies of the Nationalists across the Atlantic. Radicals are fond of praising Peel to-day. Does anyone on the Front Bench know what Peel said about Home Rule? We venture to say there is not one can tell us. Peel said that it would be better that Ireland should be a separate country, a foreign Power outright.

Just before the opening of the Land Campaign two members of the Government party, Mr. Outhwaite and Lord Eversley, are having a set-to on the subject of the single tax. They have been fighting it out in the "Times", and so far as we can make out Lord Eversley is now anxious to retire from the engagement. His replies to Mr. Outhwaite give one the impression that he feels his dignity has been ruffled by the commoner. "A very offensive person" one can imagine him saying in private of Mr. Outhwaite; for Mr. Outhwaite has jeered and sneered at Lord Eversley for believing in the rights of the landowners. Mr. Outhwaite forgets that Lord Eversley, who is one of the most weighty and respectable members of the Government party, was in many a Government of Mr. Gladstone before Mr. Outhwaite was born politically. Lord Eversley has probably forgotten more doctrines of the party about land and other matters than Mr. Outhwaite ever knew.

Lord Eversley is not exactly high in the councils of the Government party. The wild cats of that party—and the "jackals"—are in more request than Mr. Shaw Lefevre is to-day. Still we are glad to find

that there are a few Liberals of repute and experience who dare to stand up against the preachers of single tax or open plunder. Lord Eversley, it must be said, has done what no mouse, big or small, in the Government has done—he has tried to put a bell round the neck of the cat and come off with nothing worse after all than some rude scratches.

Mr. Fell and Mr. Austen Chamberlain asked the Government some interesting questions this week about the valuers for Domesday and their visitations. The question is, Ought they to ask for an appointment when they wish to come into the owner's house and examine it or may they come on chance? Mr. Lloyd George thinks that they should come without asking; otherwise they might have to write several letters and there would be delays. He is anxious to get on with Domesday as quickly as he can, as he hopes no doubt to live to see it complete and all the information at the Treasury which may enable him to break up any of the "thousand little Tsars" that may linger on till then.

As a fact of course the valuer coming into the house and examining it is often a perfect farce. It was never meant for business ends; it was meant to humiliate and terrorise the "Tsars" as much as possible. However, the official valuer is, as Mr. Chamberlain bears witness, quite courteous. He comes openly too, and to the front door. The agents of the other land inquiry of Mr. Lloyd George have a different plan altogether. It is their game to pop in and out at the back doors. Captain Craig lately described the secret land inquiry's agents as ferrets. But perhaps it would be better to describe the official inquirers as the ferrets and the others as the stoats, which are altogether wilder creatures.

The list of New Year's honours, however it is made up, must always be a jest at the expense of Radicalism when the Radicals are in power. How can it be otherwise? The Radical professes to scorn garters, ribbons, titles, all the gew-gaws in short that raise a man socially in the world. That is his profession, and no doubt a Labouchere now and again turns up who really believes and practises what he preaches. Yet year by year the Radical leader and Prime Minister produces an Honours List in which appear the names of Radicals who, despite the old and traditional doctrine of their party, are made peers, baronets and knights.

How therefore is it possible to be quite serious over an Honours List when a Radical Government is in office? And in truth some of the names this time are really very funny reading. The most humorous is the peerage of Sir George Kemp. One can imagine the Prime Minister taking, naturally, no little credit to himself over this honour. "See", he can say, "how absolutely impartial I am in distributing these honours. Why here I am giving one of the only two peerages to Sir George Kemp—though he flung over Home Rule and lost me a seat in Manchester". And indeed let us all agree that it is a noble bit of impartiality. Who after this dare say that Mr. Asquith is mastered by Mr. Redmond and the Irish Nationalists—when he boldly rewards the Liberal who kicks against Home Rule with a peerage?

There are other Radicals—though we suppose that by this time Sir George Kemp is a Liberal only—who get the usual attentions. They always say it is not they who want it but their wives, and no doubt there is a good deal in this. The Radicals might be more consistent were it not for their women. The best way for a Radical to preserve his consistency and live up to his professions against titles and society distinctions is, we imagine, for him to remain a bachelor; but then there would be no elder sons to succeed to the estates

and titles of Lord Domesday and Baron Runnymede, those new multi-millionaire peers who ever since we can remember have been great powers in the Radical party.

Two other little honours are amusing. The Prime Minister has gagged and guillotined our debates. He has killed free speech in the House of Commons. But to make up a little for that he has ennobled with a knighthood the Editor of the Debates! That is rather a neat touch. And if we can think of the Prime Minister at this time condescending to a pun, he may have been pleased at his idea of ennobling Mr. Lazenby Liberty. It is his fate to deny liberty to the House of Commons and to Ulster, and to sundry other institutions and people—yet at least he honours it nominally.

The Reichstag was always afraid of Herr von Kiderlen-Waechter. His first speech was made at the time of the "Telegraph" interview crisis, and the new man tried to bully a House used to the soothing methods of Prince Buelow. There was a scene and Herr von Kiderlen was almost howled down. It does not do to attack a Minister too bitterly in Germany, especially a Minister who once wounded a journalist in a duel, but the Press fastened on the yellow waistcoat Herr von Kiderlen wore that day and for the rest of his career he was something of a figure of caricature in the public eye. He cared too little for the man in the street to trouble to correct the idea.

In the 'nineties he offended the Emperor and was "promoted" to Bucharest where he was left for eleven years. Then quite suddenly he sprang to the top of the tree. The public was not ready for him and he no longer knew his public. He worked according to the methods of Herr von Holstein, not understanding that Prince Buelow had greatly changed the spirit of the service. As a result he was none too well served by his subordinates, and when the Morocco crisis came he made trouble for himself by forgetting that German Ministers deceive the Press at their peril. But he kept his head, averted war and increased Germany's possessions. Public confidence was beginning to come to him when he died. He knew more about the Eastern Question than any German living, and his death is quite sincerely mourned.

Turkey has gone a long way to meet the Allies' demands by agreeing to cede Macedonia and Epirus. Adrianople is still in dispute. Turkey will not give it up, and the Allies insist on having it. Unless some middle course can be found, peace cannot be said to be in sight. War in fact is as easily discerned. Cannot the Powers do something at a juncture like this? Can they not persuade both sides to give way a little? Turkey would retain the vilayet of Adrianople. Let the Turks be content with the city itself and the Bulgarians with getting the rest of the vilayet. In present circumstances the Allies will surely not be wise in driving too hard a bargain.

Both Spain and Portugal seem to be getting into a political mess. Portugal, rather, has got into a mess, hopeless and incurable. The Republican gang are all by the ears, hating each other as much as any of them hated the monarchy. It is the old story: rascals join together to rob somebody else and then fight amongst themselves for the spoil. This particular band murdered one king and his eldest son and drove out another—an inexperienced boy—in order to get themselves in. Now they are so much at loggerheads that a Government cannot be put together. The wretched "President" has somehow to keep going with a stop-gap Ministry which has no following. Portugal, in short, is now a spectacle for men and angels; and the Portuguese have the reward they well deserve for their contemptible submission to the rule of assassins. Meantime, the outlook for the Spanish monarchy does not seem too good when we have a Republican deputy

saying "We have a great king". Popularity with the disloyal is a dangerous game for kings, though some of them seem to like it just now. King Manoel, poor lad, was told to be very Liberal, and he got his reward.

General Hertzog has already started his campaign against the Englishman. General de Wet was his principal speaker at Pretoria. "Very loyal to the Empire" he described himself; but went on, speaking from a dunghill, to declare that "he preferred to be amid his people on a manure heap than on the most brilliant platform among foreigners"—a curious outburst of Imperial feeling. General Hertzog followed with the same artful blend of lip-loyalty to the Empire and deliberate appeal to the separatist feeling of his audience. "Dutchmen first" was the motto of this demonstration, the policy of the Government being condemned as a policy of supplying "your neighbour first and then yourself".

The two brothers McNamara and Macmanigal, who confessed to blowing up the offices of the Los Angeles "Times" with dynamite and killing twenty-one persons in October 1910, put the police on the track of the International Association of Bridge and Structural Ironworkers. Ryan, the President, and thirty-nine others connected with the executive have now been convicted. It appears from American newspaper comments that with the conviction of this particular set of rascals trade unionism is expected to be cleared very largely of the criminal element, and that the labour unions will regain public esteem. It has been suggested, and not unsuccessfully, that probably many outrages had been bogus and perpetrated by capitalist organisations in order to discredit the trade unions. This line can no longer be taken, and trade unionists accept the verdict and pass resolutions of horror at the crimes.

The National Health Commissioners published a statement on Monday which virtually annulled Mr. Lloyd George's pledges of a free choice of doctor under the Insurance Act. Mr. Lloyd George has frequently insisted that the success of National Insurance must largely depend on the free choice of their doctor by insured persons. To this end Section 15 Clause 3 was devised, whereby Local Insurance Committees may allow insured persons to make their own arrangements for attendance from their own doctor. Sir Rufus Isaacs now maintains, in confirmation of the published statement of the National Health Commissioners, that this freedom to contract out is entirely in the discretion of the local committees. The Government has completely turned. Formerly the liberty to contract out was emphasised in order to satisfy the insured; now it is reduced to its lowest terms, in order to hustle the doctors. The London Insurance Committee has decided not to allow contracting out.

Mr. Lloyd George met the Advisory Committee on Thursday. The Government will close the panels on Tuesday next. Where they are inadequate the doctors on the panels will be invited to engage assistants or enter into partnership with imported doctors. These men, between them, will be allowed to secure the whole of the insurance practice within the area. Where no panel is possible the salaried practice of volunteer doctors will be accepted at an average income of £500 a year. Clearly the British Medical Association must either produce a policy which the whole profession can accept or be prepared to see the Act somehow administered by the doctors who have already yielded.

The Executive of the Labour party is in trouble because it finds payment of members makes the rank-and-file too independent of the party Whip. At the Thirtieth Annual Conference to be held in London it has a resolution on the agenda that where there is an alleged violation of the constitution the member concerned shall be called on for explanation, and if not satisfactory—the explanation we suppose—the

"Whips" shall be withdrawn either temporarily or permanently. Another resolution demands the restoration of things as before the Osborne Judgment and the withdrawal of the present "farcical" measure. Naturally, because it is "discipline" that is wanted both in the Labour party and throughout the Unions. Where the Bill really is "farcical" is in affecting to safeguard independents against the pressure to contribute to the political fund. Nobody is to be independent; not even the Independent Labour Party.

Taxi-cab owners have an arbitration award in their favour entitling them to charge their drivers one and a penny per gallon for petrol. This is said to work out at less than a penny a mile, as a gallon of petrol will serve a taxi for eighteen miles. When the owners acted on the award and raised the price to the allowed amount, the drivers refused to keep the terms of the award and objected at first to pay more than 10½d. Subsequently the Union thought this was too much and decided that no more than 8d. should be offered. This is the reason why six thousand taxi-drivers have been relieving the streets of their presence during the week, to the satisfaction of pedestrians and the inconvenience of those wanting to catch trains with luggage. Some of the owners agree that the men's original demand of about 10½d. would be fair; so possibly there may be weakenings amongst them. But petrol is going up, and petrol companies are booming, while many motor-cab companies are doing quite the other thing.

Sir John Collie, having large experience as Medical Examiner for the London County Council and many accident offices, takes advantage of the discussion about Poor Men's Lawyers to denounce the Legal Aid Societies, which are nothing more than traps to get clients for speculative solicitors. This is quite a natural view for him to take, as the insurance societies have often to pay. The Law Society is also concerned in putting down the touting, which has been reduced to a system by these legal aid societies. Their touters are a nuisance also to the hospitals, round whose doors they hang to get the names of those who have met with accidents for subsequent use. A letter from the President of the Law Society in the "Times" states that the hospitals would be glad to help in suppressing touting, but as it is not an offence the touters cannot be prosecuted. He suggests it should be made an offence; but why does the Law Society not hunt out the solicitors and bring them before the Court for punishment by suspension or striking off the rolls? It might do something too to move the Public Prosecutor to prosecute the officers of the societies for maintenance.

The Bar and solicitors have arrived at a scheme, which seems likely to be adopted, for assisting poor people framed more or less on a very old system in Scotland. Solicitors and counsel are to be regularly appointed to take up the cases of poor people. The obstacle at present is that the Bar will not join unless the lawyers give their services free whether the poor client wins or loses. In Scotland when he is successful and gets the fees and the costs from the opposite party his solicitor and counsel are paid. But absolute disinterestedness, leaving no ground for suspicion of encouraging litigation, is necessary. We think the Bar is right.

The Marconi Committee is still out in the suburbs, or, in another figure, it continues to put off the evil day. The inevitable question in these inquiries is, When is the denying going to begin?—and so far the Government has not got very far with this. Major Archer-Shee began vigorously to deny at Wednesday's meeting; but surely this was not strictly necessary. Major Archer-Shee has been a very active critic of the Marconi agreement. Now it is common knowledge that active critics of the Marconi agreement have accused the parties of false dealing. What more obvious for the accused than to retort upon their critics, irrespective of persons? Accordingly, malicious suggestions have been made that Major Archer-Shee had

an interest in Poulsen's, whence his zeal against Marconi. We should have thought that this very obvious tu quoque might have been left to contradict itself.

Captain Bidwell's decision to put about and run before the gale probably saved the "Narrung" from destruction. It was a bold decision, that put everything to the touch. Only after an hour and twenty minutes of ceaseless manœuvring was the captain successfully able to get her round. It is difficult to conceive the force of a single wave that "tore up the iron deck, turning it back like brown paper". The captain of the "Volmer" behaved precisely as Captain Bidwell; and if his little ship had been fitted with wireless, he would by putting about have made sufficient time for a rescue. The loss of the "Volmer" with fifteen men is a grim commentary upon the report of the "Titanic" Commission. There were boats for all upon the "Volmer".

The report of Sir Francis Fox on the state of S. Paul's Cathedral quashes the L.C.C. project for a subway. The Cathedral is overloaded; it is moving and cracking; and the damage is almost certainly due to drainage of the subsoil. The proposed subway would hasten this; and Sir Francis Fox says very definitely that the consequences would be disastrous. Probably the L.C.C. will withdraw the scheme now that the Dean and Chapter are justified. Otherwise it will be necessary to oppose it in Parliamentary Committee. The Dean and Chapter are wholly supported by the Corporation; and the L.C.C. could scarcely expect to be publicly supported. They have already admitted that no risk should be taken; and the risk is clear.

It seems that Stafford House may pass, drearily enough, into the keeping of the nation through the kind offices of Sir William Lever; but nothing can avail to save the home in Twickenham of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu. This was the lady of whom Pope wrote:

"Once, and but once, his heedless youth was bit,
And liked that dangerous thing, a female wit".

There, too, lived Sir George Saville, the original, it is said, of Sir Charles Grandison. But, alas! Saville House has since the eighteenth century had a chequered fortune. It has even been a school for girls. To-day it is in the hands of the house-breaker.

Mr. Bernard Shaw has hit upon an ingenious way of advertising that "John Bull's Other Island" is an amusing play. A leaflet was distributed on New Year's Day at the "Kingsway" in which the audience were requested carefully to consider a list of reasons why they should not spoil the progress of the play with continuous laughter and applause. Mr. Shaw seems to be very vexed that some of his best jokes are lost in the immoderate laughter of his audience at the joke before last. "Can I persuade you to let the performance proceed in perfect silence just this once to see how you like it?" Naturally, this appeal is extensively reprinted in the newspapers in a way that anything of Mr. Shaw's writing has. "Come and try not to laugh" is better than the usual advertisement—"Come and laugh—if you can".

The old year must surely go out with a sneer—in London at any rate—at the poor humans welcoming his successor. A few sober folk, it is true, watch the passing in church and prayer, though S. Paul's has had to be closed and barricaded to keep out the profane and indecent crowd. The streets boil with multitudes of shouting and howling fools. Prominent in the noisy herd are smart and gross women with their giggling cavaliers, or rather supporters, trooping to the Savoy or the Carlton, whence comes ceaselessly a noise of pandemonium. Why do not the managers of these restaurants invite a company of oranges and chimpanzees for the night? They would dance better than the apes they have and make less noise; and they would be a great attraction.

THE SOBER VIEW.

IT is now a little over a fortnight since Mr. Bonar Law made his speech at Ashton, and Unionists have had time to reflect on the question of tariff tactics which it brought to the front. The speech may have been the occasion of more excitement than was expected, or it may not. Mr. Bonar Law may have wished to bring out and to a head much feeling in the party that would be safer expressed than suppressed, or at least restrained. Either way that is the effect the speech did have, and it is wholly for the good of the party that it did. It is, of course, the game of the Ministerialists and their papers to make as much as they can of this Unionist little difference. To judge from their contents, the Radical papers would be in a very bad way if they had not this affair of ours to gossip about; for they contain very little else. Many of them indeed are nearly filled with extracts from Unionist leading articles. This provides the element of truth, or something like it, in their description of the position in our camp; the rest is all their own not at all lively invention. They spread themselves over the affair like so many stupid scandal-mongers; enormously happy in minding other people's business. Yet not entirely happy, for there is fear in it too. They are afraid we shall postpone the food taxes and make their defeat next time certain. So they assure us we cannot do this without first dropping Mr. Bonar Law and then dropping Tariff Reform. No doubt it is quite right to learn from your enemy; we should be only too glad to learn from the Radicals in this business; but unfortunately we cannot learn from them, because they do not know anything. Not many Unionists know Mr. Bonar Law's mind, and certainly no Radical does. Mr. Bonar Law is not of the "Harry", "Winston", and "Arthur" school. His relations with his opponents are correct, but not cordial, and if they do not want to make themselves quite foolish, they will give up pretending to know what effect this or that event will have on Mr. Bonar Law and his position with his party. Let them be excited if they will about our affairs, but it is possible to be excited without making a fool of oneself.

Certainly the excitement amongst the Radicals is greater than the excitement amongst ourselves. There is nothing very much to be excited about in a plain business proposal, a matter of merest expediency. Our people are taking a sensible view of the matter, just quietly thinking things out, concerned only with the question, What is the best tactics for the present occasion? They know it is no question of dropping Tariff Reform, and that Mr. Bonar Law will not resign, for the simple reason that there is nothing for him to resign about. Not many are affected by the crude assertiveness of a certain coterie of Tariff Reformers, who will have the whole programme now or none never. These good people seem to agree with the Radical view of the position; they too tell us that it is a matter of throwing over Tariff Reform altogether. We are abandoning the work of many years and deserting a great Imperial ideal. There can be no Tariff Reform without food taxes. These are, of course, good Unionists, and mean what they say. They must really believe that we are proposing to throw over Tariff Reform altogether. But what in fact is proposed? That the leaders of the party should give an undertaking to the nation that they will not impose any duty on imported corn or any new duty on other imported foodstuff during the ensuing Parliament, if they are given a majority at the next election. This undertaking, if given, can do no more than postpone Preference, so far as it is affected by food taxes for five years from next general election. It cannot affect now or at any time a tariff on imported manufactured articles. It cannot exclude such preference as is possible without taxes on foodstuffs; and some preference is possible. It need not prejudice our taking up Preference based on food taxes after next Parliament. To make good their statements those who are against postponing the food taxes must show—that they do not seem even to discuss—that if once postponed the food-tax proposal can never be resumed. We

reasonably ask why not? Is there any reason why it cannot be? We know of none; certainly none has been produced. No ground indeed has been given for expecting that Tariff Reform, the whole—if you will, whole-hog—policy, will be prejudiced if postponed. It is possible, no doubt, though it has not been shown, that it will be more difficult to get national support for the food-tax part of Preference a few years hence than it would be if it had remained throughout in the immediate programme of the party. We see no reason for expecting this; but if it were probable, we should still have only to consider whether the certain advantage to the party at the next election of postponing the food taxes is worth the price of a possible setback to Preference. But in any event a setback is a very different thing from defeat. It is really not justifiable to assume that postponement of a policy is tantamount to its abandonment. To make an effective case against postponement it must be shown that time is of the essence of the Tariff Reform policy; that it is a matter of now or never. We ask, How will delay prejudice Tariff Reform? We should like to see an answer in detail; for if it can be shown that delay will gravely prejudice the chances of Tariff Reform and Imperial Preference ultimately being carried, we agree that the position would have to be reconsidered. But we are not influenced by mere furious denunciation that we are throwing Tariff Reform over.

Everything that Lord Lansdowne and Mr. Bonar Law have said can be done later on. Mr. Law said he was not the man to give up the tariff policy. That is the last thing he is asked to do. Nobody is asked to abandon anything. It is a question only of waiting. The reason for waiting is the imperative necessity of winning the next election. One cannot always have all at once. It is not business, it is folly, for us to plunge for all or none, when the unity of the Empire and of Church and State hangs in the balance. This seems to us the sober view to take of the situation; and we believe it is the view of the party generally. Calm reflexion, we have little doubt, will make steadily for this course.

THE WORK OF OPPOSITION.

THE perfectly obvious is the only thing that really counts much in party politics, for the simple reason that the ordinary voter—who is the ordinary man—will never lay hold of anything else. Lord Curzon therefore was quite right the other day when he spoke the most obvious truth conceivable—that the thing for all Unionists to do just now was to close up against the Government—that common enemy. It is well from time to time, of course, to look into our conscience and our crises. December is perhaps a good time to do this. But January is clearly the wrong time for any prolonged inquiry of the kind. January by all tradition is the time to begin carrying out good resolutions; and the one and only good resolution for all the members of the Unionist party at the start of 1913 is to act together as one individual in its determination to harass and in the end to turn out the Government. We shall never do this whilst we are morbidly, introspectively looking into our consciences—and publishing the results of these inquiries in the form of posters announcing in gigantic type from day to day the latest Crisis in the party. The thing is madness—or at least it is suicide. Party politics is often likened to a game, and it is often likened to a battle. Take either metaphor, and think what the result would be if players in a great game or fighters in a great battle were, in the midst of the fight, or just before the decisive engagement, to stop and examine afresh, and announce to their opponents and the world at large, the state of their consciences and the extent of their crises. Fancy the ghastly result of Wellington doing it at Hougoumont—or, if that simile is too heroic, fancy the result of even Sir George White doing it at Ladysmith! The fight on 6 January twelve years ago could then only have ended in one way; and what a shout of rapture would have gone up from all

the Boers on the Continent and from the little group of pro-Boers in England and Ireland, including, notably, at least one member of the present Government!

The truth is that to-day the Unionist party has an abundant programme; a conscience that is or should be quite easy as party consciences—which are always in their nature somewhat pliable—go; and nothing whatever worth calling a "Crisis". As to Crisis it is become a misprinted and almost a senseless word in politics, like "lie". Crisis is to-day too often uttered without judgment.

The business of the King's Opposition to-day is to get the Government out. We do not believe the business has ever been so urgent since party politics began in England. Glancing through the history of Administrations, Whig and Tory, Conservative and Liberal, from the time at least of Pitt, we are convinced that this duty or business has never been half so urgent, so supremely necessary, as now. Indeed the business has often been not really so much the business and necessity of the public as the private pleasure and desire of the party leader. The greatest admirer of Fox would to-day hardly say seriously that when Fox was bitterly opposing Pitt, or even when he was opposing Pitt's weak follower, he was doing much more than his own pleasure: whilst the greatest admirer of Disraeli does not pretend that when he was making his wonderful attacks on Peel it was supremely important to the country that Peel should at once be driven from politics. It is scarcely perhaps till we come to 1885 or 1886 that the duty of the Opposition to the country in this matter is seen to be very pressing and urgent. Still there was in 1885 and 1886, as in all previous years, something very stable between an evil and dangerous Government and the safety of the public. To-day, frankly, there is next to nothing. It is this, joined with the truth that the destructive programme of the Government is on a huge and unparalleled scale, that makes the duty and the necessity so absolutely urgent.

How is the urgent duty to be carried out? What must be the weapons? In the first place one may venture on a slight warning—a warning against what must be called vainglory. It does not pay in party politics to boast too much. Killing Kruger with the mouth can easily be overdone, and the effect is then discreditable and ridiculous. We must in politics be always extremely careful to preserve our sense of humour. Thus it is no use going to the Government party and drawing an imaginary sword and saying to them, "Unless you immediately reinstate the King and the nobility I will cut one half of you in two!" Baron Münchhausen tried this a long while ago on the National Assembly and they flung an inkstand at his head. How much more will they fling it at you in these days when most political power is in the inkpot, if you try the effect of this braggadocio on them? We sometimes doubt whether it is much good calling them by their right names even. Some of the club tables are littered to-day with "open letters" and the like to the Prime Minister, to the First Lord of the Admiralty, to the Chancellor of the Exchequer. No doubt such letters tell the plain truth to these Ministers—if in somewhat banal English—but, alas, the doubtful voter whom we want to influence has no library table; he is not a member of Pall Mall or S. James'. We have sometimes even questioned within ourselves whether it is much good calling the Chancellor of the Exchequer a little Welsh attorney, though without the least doubt he is little and he is an attorney. It is certainly a pleasure to give things their exact names: the "exact word"—it is one of the recompenses of literature when one lights upon it! But often in party politics it is really scarcely worth hunting for: in party politics indeed it is by no means always good business to be exact: the Prime Minister for example is never so successful as when he is employing phrases or periphrases which are not exact and can be interpreted by the Prime Minister himself, should occasion arise, as meaning—if anything—exactly the opposite of what his opponents and friends supposed.

We spoke of influencing the doubtful voters, and it is just in this that a large body of strong Unionists all over the country can play a great part in the urgent work of getting the Radicals out at the next election. It is often said, and in a sense truly, that the power has passed from the hands of the "old ruling classes" of England; that they have lost, largely, their old predominance through wealth, and a great number of their members have even left the soil. It is quite true. But there is a large and very formidable body of Unionist employers—we are not speaking of factory owners at all—throughout England which still has the power to influence greatly opinion among those who work for them. This body includes most of the new men who have within the last thirty years or so taken the places of the old ruling class, together with what remains of the older order. It represents at least some of the wealth and a great deal of the intelligence and patriotism of the country as a whole. It is the duty of this class to cultivate and to use its influence without ceasing now against the most reckless and dangerous of Governments. "Undue influence!" exclaims the Radical triumphantly—"We knew it, we have always vowed that it is the Conservative card". That of course is false, and hypocritical to boot, coming from a party whose rich men and employers use their influence on "their people" to their utmost power. We loathe the idea of the employer bullying or threatening by suggestion those who work for him for political ends. It may be done by a few people on both sides in the passion of elections, but we have always been perfectly confident that the great bulk of Unionist employers shun anything of the kind. That story is notoriously wicked: it ranks with the Chinese slavery cartoons of 1906 and with the "frigid and calculated" falsehood that scared the old-age pensioners a few years ago.

It is *not* the right nor business of the Unionist to say to his man, "If you vote for Mr. Lloyd George [for it is always the Chancellor of the Exchequer—the Prime Minister is a *roi fainéant* among a great body of doubtful voters] I shall turn you off".

It is his right and business to say to his man, "If Mr. Lloyd George comes into power again the workers and the poor, in country districts especially, all over England are bound to suffer, for Mr. Lloyd George means to tax the landowners so heavily that they will be forced to cut down expenses and economise in labour all round".

This is perfectly due influence. It is the influence which the master simply owes it to his men to exercise. It is moreover just one of the absolutely obvious facts in politics which can be grasped by the untrained as well as by the trained political intelligence. Unfortunately many Unionists hate trenching on these political questions out of election time; and if they think their people are inclined to the other side they are only anxious not to touch the unpleasant subject at all. But the issues of the next election are too grave to allow of such sensitiveness. If we lose that election, we may lose more than twenty or fifty past elections have cost us. It will be "disaster and damnation" at least. Every Unionist should use his influence now among his people. Oratory on the platform is necessary. Scientific canvassing before the election is necessary. But here comes in the quiet and persuasive spade work that tells on the doubtful ones more than any other known method.

UNIONISTS AND THE ULSTER OPPOSITION.

A POINT of real importance was cleared up in the debate on Sir Edward Carson's amendment on Wednesday. Mr. Asquith asked what would be the attitude of Ulster if he submitted the Home Rule Bill, as it stood, including Ulster, to the electors and they approved of it. Mr. Bonar Law answered that he could not speak for Ulster, but, speaking for his colleagues and himself, he could say that if that were done they would not in any way, shape or form encourage the resistance of Ulster. This, of course, defines the official attitude of the Unionist party. But it is

important to be quite clear as to what exactly has been settled. Mr. Churchill assumes that this declaration makes the whole business, or bogey, of Ulster's opposition vanish into air. It will be impossible, he says, for the Home Rule Bill to be in operation and the Nationalist Government to have done anything to oppress the Ulster Unionists before a general election comes. There could not be time. Then there will either be a Unionist Government which can exclude Ulster from the purview of the Irish Parliament or the country will have approved the Home Rule plan and the Unionist party be estopped by Mr. Bonar Law's declaration from assisting Ulster opposition to the Irish Government. This we take to be the effect of what Mr. Churchill said. But an election before the Irish Parliament has passed any Bill is not at all what Mr. Asquith suggested. Mr. Asquith spoke of submitting the Bill as it was to the country, and Mr. Bonar Law answered on the assumption that the Bill, not an Act, would be submitted. If, as Mr. Churchill's situation assumes, the Bill is passed into law, and an election comes between its passing and the beginning of active work by the Irish Parliament, the condition on which Mr. Bonar Law's undertaking was given will not have been fulfilled and it will not hold. If the Home Rule Bill becomes law before it has been submitted to the electors, it will have been "forced", in Mr. Bonar Law's words, "on the people of Ulster", and he would assist them in their resistance. We are not as a party to be bound to abstain from supporting Ulster opposition to Home Rule by the result of any election that does not precede the passage into law of the Home Rule Bill. Once passed, as Mr. Churchill let us remember, Home Rule is irrevocable.

If the Bill is duly submitted and a majority returned in favour of the present Government, the party machinery cannot be used to support the opposition of Ulster. That every Unionist is thereby bound as a private individual to abstain from helping Ulster we do not admit for a moment. No party leader has that power, either moral or actual, over his followers. He can pledge the Opposition cabinet and the official party, which is the machine, but he cannot bind the consciences of private members. It would not be justifiable at a Unionist party meeting to express approval of the Ulster resistance; still less to organise resistance. But individually the Unionist citizen will be free to help the Ulstermen as he will or can. It is important to make this plain now, for it is certain that in no event will the Ulster Unionists tolerate being governed by the Irish Nationalists, and forcible resistance there will be. We at least have no doubt of that, and as little doubt that very many English Unionists will help them. If need be, they will go over and fight with them, and there are other ways of helping too. We should be sorry indeed if we thought that no English would go.

If any one is aghast at the idea of not accepting the "verdict of the country", let him remember: first that it is not the verdict of the country, but of a portion of the country, the larger portion, probably very slightly larger; second, there is no sacredness nor any moral force at all about the opinion of the majority; a majority is no more likely to be right than a minority; third, acceptance of the rule of the majority is nothing but a political convention, a useful way out, a convenient plan of arriving at a decision. Therefore it is wise, as a rule, to accept the decision of the majority; which has usually enough force behind it to compel men to accept its judgment in the long run.

But when that is at stake which men hold to be far more valuable than the convention of majority rule, why should they accept that rule if they can avoid it? They simply will not. They will prefer a trial of strength to submission. If the majority try to impose on a minority what they would rather risk their lives than accept, they strain the convention of majority rule to breaking point. They may be right in doing it; or the minority may be right in resisting: but in both cases it becomes an appeal to force. This is what we have to expect in Ireland, if Home Rule is carried.

TURKEY AND THE DIPLOMATIC POSITION.

AT last the Turks have come to business. A week ago it seemed as though events had taught them nothing except that they must seriously consider the Allies' ultimatum of last October. But Wednesday's proposals recognise facts. An offer to cede all territory west of the Adrianople vilayet was a solid concession, and was at once recognised as such by the Allies. Its effect has been marked. The fever called the international situation has perceptibly abated, and the optimists are joining hands with the sentimentalists to declare that the New Year brings peace. If Turkey were at war with a single Power we should be inclined to agree. We should say that the new offer does not in itself mean peace but that it opens the way to peace; that the Turks must take another step and make up their minds to surrender either the islands or Adrianople; and that when this was done everything would go on greased wheels. But Turkey is not at war with a single Power, and such an alternative offer would be so likely to cause a split between the Allies that it is quite on the cards that the Turks will make it. For Bulgaria will not sacrifice her ambitions to please Greece, nor Greece hers to please Bulgaria; and each will feel that there could be peace if it were not for the obstinacy of the other. The Turks can be trusted to see this.

Diplomatically then the situation is rather favourable to Turkey. It is prettily balanced and can be turned either way as the Porte desires. There may be a peace in which one of the Allies gets less than it wants, or there may be more war in which one of the Allies joins a little half-heartedly. It rests with the Turks to say which course is to be taken. The question to be asked is not a question of frontier lines on a map or of formulæ about suzerainty. It is a question of the state of mind in Constantinople. Do the Turks really need peace here and now—peace meaning something more than the loss of Macedonia? It is tempting to answer this question with a strong Yes. Anybody can present the Turks with half a dozen excellent reasons for accepting the Allies' terms. They have been beaten back to their last line of defence in Europe; their Asiatic troops, now brought up, are full of fire, but are badly trained and worse organised; there is much unrest in the capital and throughout the Empire; their fleet has certainly held its own in a brush with the Greeks but has made no attempt to save the islands from occupation; and so on. Very cogent arguments, no doubt, but before we inquire into their effect on the Turkish mind let us ask whether we are ourselves absolutely impartial in our views.

The average Englishman is tempted to say that he is quite unprejudiced. So long as Russia does not menace Constantinople or Austria thrust down to the Ægean, territorial changes in the Near East do not greatly affect him. This assumption of independence is really quite unsound. All through this crisis the Englishman has behaved like a good European. Europe has not yet quite got over its nervous attack in connexion with Morocco, and Europe's instinct in regard to the present war is to hush it up as quickly as possible. Every chancery is frightened of the Eastern Question; Downing Street as much as any of them. The Albanian question has awakened slumbering antagonisms not yet fully appeased. A successful renewal of the war by the Allies would bring up the still more serious question of Constantinople. Europe is desperately anxious to avoid that and Britain shares all Europe's anxieties. It follows that the Great Powers are not viewing the position with calm eyes. They have a strong prejudice in favour of peace, and because of it they tend to regard the Allies' terms as reasonable. For the Great Powers the end justifies the means.

But does it for the Turks? The Turks have a point of view of their own in this matter. In a sense they too wish to avoid the ultimate complications of the Eastern Question. Only they approach it from the

other side. The business of the Turkish Government is to carry on. How can it carry on if it makes an ignominious peace? It must be remembered that the movement which displaced Mahmud Shevket and brought first Ghazi Mukhtar and then Kiamil to the Grand Vizierate was a revolutionary movement, and a revolution cannot appeal to the patriotism of the Opposition. A peace on the Allies' terms, a peace which costs Turkey, at the very least, either her first European capital or her island possessions to which she has clung so tenaciously, must mean further domestic trouble. The Government's position is highly critical. There are Young Turkish intrigues in Constantinople to be dealt with. There are the Asiatic troops at Chatalja; men so eager to fight that they are already somewhat out of hand. If the Government, having brought these troops up from Asia and having placed them in a position of immense natural strength, now bids them watch the surrender of a sacred fortress and then return to their homes, how is it possible for Turkey in Asia to enter on that phase of patriotic regeneration forecast for her by amiable sentimentalists? Better renew the war, if renewal offers the slightest prospect of success, than make a peace which must almost certainly bring mutiny with it.

This is a priori reasoning. Let us now look at the facts. It is a good many weeks since the Bulgarians came up to Chatalja, and the hope of peace is just about as strong, or as weak, now as it was then. In the interval the Turks have turned the situation diplomatically in their favour; but they have done more than that—they have improved their military prospects too. Of course the Allies have scored great successes. Nobody disputes that; what we ask is whether their successes are great enough for them to dictate terms. That is what they are doing. Their original demands could hardly have been higher if the Chatalja lines had been forced and the road to Constantinople lay open. Their terms in fact are the terms corresponding with what is now understood to have been the original plan of campaign—a three weeks' dash which was to take the Bulgarians right to the Bosphorus. The dash has been made and has fallen short of its aim. There is still one line of defence to be pierced. It is the strongest line of all, and the dash is over. The Bulgarian position is parallel with that of the Athenians on the day when Gylippus slipped into Syracuse. Their impetuous attack has been stayed at its culminating point, and the Serbs and the Greeks can scarcely play the part of a Demosthenes bringing up a second armament almost equal to the first, which even so failed.

The defensibility of the Chatalja lines has been strengthened by this month's delay. Modern war is a matter of men and of money, and in both respects time has favoured the Turks. After Kirk Kilisse the Bulgars put almost their last man into the field. A certain number of boys and old men can be called up to the colours to guard the lines of communication and perhaps to take siege duty at Adrianople. But even so there can be no great reinforcements for the army at Chatalja. It is true that Serb and Greek troops can be brought up; but it remains to be seen whether the Greeks and even the Serbs count for much in an attack on a determined enemy well posted. As for the command of the sea, the recent brush between the Greek and Turkish fleets does not suggest that the Allies will be able to take Chatalja on the flank. On the other hand the Turks have brought up their Asiatic reserves, have corrected their worst defects of organisation and have created some sort of medical service. So much for men. In the matter of money the Turkish advantage is even clearer. The Turks make war after the Eastern fashion and pay with the promise of loot. The Allies are Europeans and must find ready cash. These last few days the Sobranje has extended the term of the moratorium, a serious matter even for a largely agricultural country like Bulgaria.

Chatalja governs the peace negotiations. If the Allies really believe that they can force the lines and frame their final terms on that assumption, the prospects of

peace are bad. For the Turks have reason to regard the position as secure, and even if it were weak, no Government in Constantinople dare admit its weakness. The weak point in the Turkish position is not so much military as international. Turkey must remember that the Powers do not share her state of mind, that the average European is still under the spell of the Bulgarian rush, and that the diplomats will not run the risk of opening up the Constantinople question if they can help it. But every day that goes by gives back to Turkey an atom of prestige and the clever men at the Porte can at least claim that the game of delay has been successfully played up to now.

THE "PROPER" DOCTOR.

A NEW turn of the wheel has been made by the discovery, at the last moment, that doctors who are not on the panel can still retain their old patients if the local Insurance Committee is willing. The whole story of the negotiations bears witness to the overbearing temper and doubtful tactics of the Chancellor and to the lack of trained political experience on the part of the leaders of the profession. The doctors have held the legitimate winning cards all along but have not always known how to use them: the Chancellor has never hesitated to reinforce a weak suit from a card up his sleeve. The SATURDAY REVIEW expressed in October the opinion that with the grant of something like adequate financial terms on the part of the Government the essential issue which held the profession solid as a rock had been decided, and that the question of control, grave and important as it is, would not make the same appeal either to the public as a whole or to the united sentiment of the profession. We suggested then that this question should be made the subject of negotiation, and that the maintenance of complete unity among the doctors transcended all other considerations and would alone enable them to press for better conditions when the working of the Act revealed its weaknesses and defects. Dis aliter visum: unfortunately the leaders of the British Medical Association took the extreme democratic point of view and submitted the whole question to an electorate which could not be fully cognisant, after a fortnight's delay between voting and ratification of the vote, of every change in the turn of events, and which had been inflamed by the insolent and provocative "strike-breaking" methods of the Chancellor.

The result was what might have been expected. The fear of ruin has driven a sufficient number of medical men into the panels to make it possible to work the Act in an unsatisfactory, haphazard, and partial manner. Every possible evil has followed from this development. The Chancellor, that champion of strikers, has become the patron saint of blacklegs. The medical profession has been rent between a minority who will serve on the panels and a majority who will not. The insured person is not to get the best doctor or the doctor he wants, if Mr. Lloyd George and the Insurance Commissioners can prevent it, but an inefficient service of a patchwork character. The medical profession thus starts on its great work torn with dissensions, inflamed with anger against the Radical authors of its troubles, and faced in many parts of the country with the prospect of a "whole-time" medical man who will be regarded by the bulk of the people as another kind of Poor Law doctor. If this is the result of Mr. Lloyd George's diplomacy and statesmanship, we cannot congratulate him on it. He has started the Insurance ship to sea under foul auspices when a little tact and forbearance might have trimmed the sails to a fair wind. Perhaps the only argument which will appeal to him is that he has made out of a profession fairly evenly divided in its political opinions and not much given to party controversy tens of thousands of active workers against the present Government who enter the homes of every class. The British Medical Association has now to decide whether it is better to maintain an attitude of resistance which has been only partially successful or to attempt to reunite the profession upon some new

basis. We believe that the latter course will in the long run prove to the best advantage both of the country and the doctors.

A totally new light has indeed been thrown both on the general situation and the tactics of Mr. Lloyd George by the debate on the adjournment of the House on Wednesday. Mr. Worthington Evans, always alert where Insurance is concerned, was able to demonstrate, and to compel the Attorney-General to admit, that no doctor need go on to a panel in order to retain his old patients under the Act or to gain new ones who wanted what the working classes call "a proper doctor"—that is to say, a doctor of their choice. That a point vital to millions of people could only be discussed for half an hour on the adjournment, and that by the willingness of a Liberal member to withdraw a blocking motion, is a striking commentary on our new People's House and People's Constitution! Mr. Evans has been able to prove *nemine contradicente* that it is expressly provided in the Act "that the county Insurance Committees may consent to the insured choosing a doctor who is not on the panel and making a private arrangement either individually or through his society with such a doctor". This provision was, as a matter of fact, an amendment moved on the Government side to prevent insured persons being compelled to change their doctors if the latter did not choose to go on the panel. "It would enable", said the Chancellor in accepting the amendment, "the doctor to carry on his present practice; it would enable him to get his bills paid because there would be something to assist the workman to pay; and it would also enable the workman to secure the services of his present medical adviser *even though he refused to act on contract terms*". The House of Commons then intended this scheme to be put in practice: the Insurance Commissioners issued Regulations 14 and 15 to carry this into effect. Then down comes the Chancellor of the Exchequer in a panic about his panels and induces the Insurance Commissioners to issue press notices which are utterly misleading and defy the expressed opinion of the House of Commons. The case will no doubt still have to be tested in a Court of Law if the Commissioners persist in their present attitude and declare that Sub-section 3 of Clause 15 does not apply to localities where a complete panel has not been formed. A more monstrous instance of unwarranted intimidation in flat defiance of the express wishes of Parliament has never come before the public notice. It is presumably the first fruits of new Lloyd-George bureaucracy. The Chancellor however has not been content with intimidation. There is always something to be said for bribery as an alternative. He circularised the profession in order to point out that "the whole-time" jobs would go to people who would serve on the panels. We wonder what Mr. Ben Tillett would have said to Mr. Lloyd George if he had announced that permanent Government billets would be distributed among dockers who declined to strike. It is too early yet to say what the effect of Mr. Worthington Evans' exposure will be on the whole numbers of doctors ready to join the panels. It may alter the situation radically, and a large secession may follow the recent accession of numbers ready to serve. But one point of vital importance remains. The executive of the British Medical Association ought to ask for *carte blanche* from their supporters to take the best line which is open to them under conditions which change from day to day. If they have to wait for a vote which is always a fortnight behind the fair, they will be likely to witness a continuance of the ill-fortune which has attended their previous efforts.

THE CITY.

THE New Year has opened with a burst of strength on the Stock Exchange. The demand has been mainly professional and was partly in the form of bear repurchases, but brokers report a small amount of buying on behalf of the public, and orders were received from Paris and Berlin. The outlook is promising. Every branch of industry in the country is active. The

Balkan situation still inspires caution, though in certain quarters temporary fluctuations in prices are ignored in the belief that the war is over.

The only doubtful factor in the general situation in this country is the indication of labour unrest here and there. It is not anticipated, however, that the present year will witness any serious disturbance to trade such as was experienced in 1912. On the whole there appears to be ample justification for optimism concerning the future. While the Stock Exchange does not anticipate a boom in any particular department, there is certainly no reason to expect a serious reaction anywhere.

As soon as the Money market becomes easier many important new issues of capital will be made by Colonial and foreign Governments and municipalities, to say nothing of the industrial flotations that may be necessitated by trade activity. Furthermore when peace has been declared the Balkan States as well as Turkey and Italy will endeavour to raise loans to pay off floating indebtedness and meet the expenses of war.

The emission of a large volume of new securities will tend to reduce the volume of Stock Exchange transactions and will also have the effect of keeping money rates high. Consequently it must not be expected that the Stock Exchange will see a revival of general activity in the near future. Business will probably run in grooves as it did last year.

In the Home Railway department new capital requirements may prevent an upward movement in the stocks of a few companies, and the fact that accounts will in future be presented annually instead of half-yearly may remove an incentive to speculation, although it will strengthen the element of doubt that is essential to speculative operations. Great Central junior preference stocks are favoured in view of the benefits which the company should derive from the Immingham Dock.

Canadian Pacifics are likely to remain prime favourites for speculative investment in Berlin and elsewhere. The main tendency of prices should be upward—barring unfavourable crops which there is no reason to expect. Grand Trunks likewise should have a bullish following, and Canadian securities generally—with the proviso concerning the crops—should continue a firm market.

Uncertainty and unsettlement will prevail in Wall Street for some time, and American stocks can only be recommended to investors with iron nerves and bulky bank balances. There appears room for some appreciation in Argentine rails in view of the excellent crop prospects. Mexican Railway ordinary and second preference should improve while political conditions are not unfavourable. San Paulos are dull at the moment because there is no sign of the deal with the Brazil Railway Company being consummated immediately; but unless the negotiations break down completely, which is highly improbable, a further improvement should be registered. Leopoldinas are expected to go higher. Generally speaking, electric traction and light and power companies are doing well, and many market men are prepared for a fair amount of business in what are known as public utility securities.

In the Mining markets there is a disposition to expect firmer prices for Kaffir shares, but it is hardly likely that pronounced activity will be experienced. Diamond descriptions will probably remain in favour both here and on the Continent; but in the Russian group Lenas are not calculated to find much support.

It is fully expected that the price of Rubber will be well maintained during 1913, which means that there will be a demand for the young producers by discriminating investors. In the Oil section the well-managed companies will continue to make progress, Shells, Mexican Eagles and Urals receiving attention.

The Eastern Development Corporation, Limited, which acquires extensive properties, concessions, and prospecting rights in India and the Far East, offers for subscription 166,667 £1 shares out of a capital of £250,000. The board is one of business men with experience of local conditions. Properties, concessions and options to be acquired include timber, vegetable tallow, coconut

plantations, rubber and tea plantations, and gold and diamond areas, and the directors think that the business in hand will enable them to make an early distribution. The vendors' readiness to take their consideration in shares is at least proof of confidence in the earning capacity of the company.

EVERYBODY'S DOING IT!

By JOHN PALMER.

"Baby, baby, get a stool;
Maybe, maybe I'm a fool;
Honey, don't you smile,
Let us rest a while,
I'm so weak in the chest, best,
Go, go, go, go, get a chair,
No, no, no, no, leave it there;
Honey, if the mob still are on the job,
I'm as strong as the rest. . . ."

It is impossible not to know what follows. Everybody's Doing It! It shouts at you from the motor-omnibus. It cries to you from the hoardings. It springs suddenly out upon you in conversation with a friend. It lies stealthily in wait for you upon the keys of a mechanical piano. It hoarsely surprises you from the throat of a gramophone. Everybody's Doing It! I have transcribed a stanza of this celebrated poem, not because there is any likelihood of its being unfamiliar to my readers, but because it is the obvious motto for what I have to say. I regret the necessity I am under thus to outrage the pages of this Review; but it would be affectation to ignore that verses of the calibre indicated in the above lines, wedded to music which no necessity upon earth would induce me to reproduce in any sort of notation, are at this moment the life and breath of our theatres of variety. The fact would be of little importance but for a curious accident of our civilisation. It so happens that our theatres of variety set the fashion for a large mass of English and American people whose wealth and position enable them to influence society at large. The Turkey Trot and the Bunny Hug, as mere theatrical entertainment, would certainly be no sufficient warrant for my asking anyone to read the above verses with more than common care, to consider them anxiously, to ponder their inmost meaning. But the Turkey Trot and the Bunny Hug are not mere theatrical entertainment. They are a social portent. They sit beside the Englishman's hearth. They squeak and gibber in the streets. They proclaim aloud their victory, writing in letters of fire upon the zenith—Everybody's Doing It!

Now it is not to be denied that everyone has some time behaved like an idiot. No sane person would himself desire to live perpetually upon the lofty planes of high-thinking, or to keep his fellows from occasionally returning to the praetermitted fashion of walking upon all-fours. We have all felt the urgent necessity to sing about nothing in particular. We have all been in love with nonsense; exploded with laughter over jokes that were not in the least funny; shouted with enthusiasm over things that were not in the least important. In ordinary life, of course, we are amusing, witty, highly intellectual and dignified people. But there arrives a time when all this becomes a little arduous; when we feel that it would be a relief to be none of these things. Occasionally to be strictly idiotic is essential. We have even set apart times and seasons when mere folly, naked and unashamed, is considered to be less derogatory to our dignity as persons of divine discourse than at others; and we have encouraged in our midst prophets of nonsense whose business it is to keep before the public view the primal necessity of man to play the fool within his own house. Has not Mr. Gilbert Chesterton achieved immortal fame by continually asserting, in precept and example, the kathartic value of the great Inane?

Obviously, therefore, we must be careful not to condemn what everybody's doing simply because it happens to be idiotic. The verses at the head of this article may on that score be philosophically defended

in that they fulfil a fundamental need of our nature. Indeed, I will go so far as to say that if I, in a sudden frenzy of inspired idiocy, were to burst forth into precisely this stanza of sublime nonsense, I should probably be doing myself a great deal of good and nobody else a pennyworth of harm. It would be my own particular piece of congenital brain sickness—an attack of intellectual knock-about and high-spirits—an indication of fundamental sanity and good health, like singing in the bath. But alas! the Turkey Trot and the Bunny Hug and "Baby, baby, get a stool" are quite a different affair from the idiocy, spontaneous and inspired, of the man who stands upon his head because it is a fine morning. The awful and essential fact about "Baby, baby, get a stool" is that it is the dreary, deliberate and sustained effort of a grown-up civilisation pretending to be childlike and semi-savage. The Bunny Hug is the vilest atavism, sniggering and self-conscious. It is the white man pretending for the sake of a fresh sensation to be black. He refuses to dine at the same restaurant or to ride in the same tram-car with a negro. But he adapts his measures for the ballroom; and choruses in rag-time and nigger English about Swanee River. Spontaneous idiocy is home-grown, bursting forth from an excess of vitality. The carefully adapted idiocy of "Baby, baby, get a stool" is the highly complicated, self-conscious and jaded effort of a brainless mob at its wit's end for an excuse to pretend that life is worth living.

It is undoubtedly a very dreadful thing to lose the ability to enjoy oneself; and the Bunny Hug is tacitly a confession that to a great number of people that very dreadful thing has undoubtedly happened. To enjoy oneself is more than a verb reflexive. Fully to develop its meaning requires the emphasis to be shifted to the pronoun. "I intend to enjoy myself" should mean emphatically what it says. It should indicate an intention, not to fly abroad for distraction, but to retire within to feed upon stores laid-up. "I am a fairly intelligent, tolerably read, decently travelled person", runs the full implication of the phrase. "My mind is stored with thoughts and fancies of poets and philosophers, which I have made my own by right of conquest; my brain echoes at will with noble music. I have cultivated a taste for beautiful objects. I have trained myself into an ability to appreciate the really good things of life. I have discovered the resources, such as they are, and opened up the territories, so far as they reach, of my personality. I will enter into my personality and possess it. In a word, I will enjoy myself." But the people who are screaming to-day in rag-time about Alexander's big brass band, which is the bestest band that am, are losing the ability to utter the phrase intelligibly. They cannot enjoy themselves; for they have scarcely any self to enjoy. So, for distraction, they affect a borrowed idiocy. These people are not, as yet, heaven be praised, either a very reputable or a deeply influential section of English society. Everybody's Doing It is happily an exaggeration.

The Bunny Hug is not even a return to barbarism. The noble savage may not be the glorious creature of eighteenth-century social philosophy; but he is a king of men beside the exhausted imbeciles who exploit him for an after-dinner entertainment. It might plausibly be argued that it is the fate of civilisation to come full circle and return to nature. It might be pointed out that savages wear skins and feathers; dress rather for ornament and ceremony than for decency; and build society with punctilious formality upon curious superstitions that are unintelligible to civilised folk—in fact, that they conduct themselves generally very like some of the very wealthy inhabitants of New York. But the contention will not hold. The Bunny Hug is not in any sense a return to nature. Merely, it makes a noise; and helps to pass the impracticable hours. It typifies no savage or barbaric excitement; it has no natural meaning; it is not symbolic of any impulse to recover the savage state of our ancestors, probably arboreal. It is mere vacancy—an emphatic assertion that a cer-

tain class of people have lost the ability to enjoy themselves. As a symptom it is assuredly not unimportant. It is scarcely the occasion for an essay in the decline-and-fall manner of historians who never seem thoroughly to have recovered from the extinction of the Roman Empire; but it is at any rate not unworthy of a passing notice in this Review. Accordingly I invite my readers to scan yet again the verses at the head of this article, and to reflect upon them very seriously. For Somebody, at any rate, is Doing It.

COMMERCE AND ARCHITECTURE.

By C. H. COLLINS BAKER.

TEMPLES, tombs, theatres, baths, castles and the like have immortalised the various periods of history, preserving and "symbolising", as Mr. Statham truly says*, the varying standards and tempers of humanity as no other art can. Well, now that we are beginning to give serious attention to building really fine shops why should we not be genuinely optimistic as regards the future of British architecture? For surely here we have ideal conditions for the development of great art and, what is more to the point, a rising generation of builders that is aware of and awake to its opportunity. The builders of the temples, tombs etc. (I need not recapitulate) were in a similar case; they were faced by a need and they simply answered it. So long as architecture was an adventure and builders were too busy with first principles of structure, environment and climate to worry about the styles of their predecessors or to be picturesque, decent building characterised every period. Moreover, as Professor Lethaby has put it, "in the days when the cathedrals were built people were as concerned about them as we are about cricket", so that their builders had an enormous pull over the practically obscure artists who have begun to redeem London.

Mr. Statham's definition of architecture—"Symbolism controlled by and expressive of structure"—and his placing it beside music as an art that deals with nature in the abstract, have given him an admirable lead-off for his interesting and sustained treatment of a very difficult subject. As a rule histories of architecture are tedious inventories of orders, capitals and ribs; I cannot think why so many books are written detailing the technique of Greek or Gothic buildings. We have nothing to hope from further dissection of old styles; indeed the decay of architecture set in in the fifteenth century when the spirit of adventure had dried up and Rome was ransacked by scholarly gentlemen for modes and patterns. Is not S. Peter's the crystallisation of this Renaissance vagueness and perplexity—the mystification of people experimenting with things they understand only from the outside; one man after another making shots and leaving aggravated problems to his unhappy successor?

This business has gone on ever since. A return to first principles alone will precipitate a living architecture. Mr. Statham says we are in the melting-pot, and wisely tolerant argues that epochs of "perfect and consistent symbolism" can only be attained by the fusing of old elements into the material from which in due season a complete style is to emerge. I should like to hope that with the advent of Selfridge's and Whiteley's our younger school of architects signalises a distinct stage in this process of metabolism. There would be a kind of dramatic fitness in shops playing the part of the Parthenon or Pantheon in giving scope for a new fine symbolism. Railways, schools, modern civic life. What opportunities the Victorian architects were blind to! Obviously they were born in an unripe time, or rather their appointed part was to consummate the futility of Renaissances. From this point of view we can recognise the value of monstrosities like the Law Courts and the Natural History Museum; if one's eyes have to be opened, the more shocking the eye-opener the better.

* "A Short Critical History of Architecture." By Heathcote Statham. London: Batsford. 1912. 10s.

Norman Shaw's New Zealand Chambers in Leadenhall Street was probably the first London building to experiment with principles that now are becoming universal in the younger school. Curiously, however, it remained isolated in Shaw's work. The principle he recognised is that London is not Athens, and that our light is a phenomenon to be welcomed not excluded. Harrod's Stores built only a few years ago dimly manifests this recognition, but being built in a bad tradition with little taste or sense of static architecture they play only a small part in the new movement. The length of this new movement's stride can be gauged by taking Whiteley's and Selfridge's and dividing them by Harrod's or by the few years that have elapsed since the latter was put up. Both the Oxford Street and Queen's Road places have triumphed in two ways; they absorb the maximum of light without appearing flimsy. Pretentiousness of appearance must be expected from an age brought up in a self-conscious tradition; it will be some time before we have worked clear of picturesqueness. To this insidious tradition as well doubtless as to conditions imposed upon them by commercial ostentation must be attributed the central dome of Whiteley's, "a reproduction of the famous Santa Maria della Salute". An affair of domes and music and vast central wells is alien from the proper function of a shop, as alien and pretentious as the reproduction of the Salute for an emporium in Bayswater. Selfridge's happily is innocent of such extravagances and more satisfactory in external proportion and inside disposition; of course it is easier to construct a shop of this size than one with six hundred feet of frontage.

Renaissance buildings were built for the sake of the particular style they copied; living architecture has always arisen from a passion nobly to respond to a particular need. Needs are as pressing to-day under George V. as they were under Pericles; think of the high incitement of vast bridges, dams, railway termini, post offices and shops; of having to raise great buildings capable of supporting 150,000 people on their floors and of absorbing all heaven's light. Economy of space, prodigality of light, surely these are principles primary enough to keep our architects so engrossed that they will in time forget to be picturesque and be incapable of thinking in styles that exclude light. Honesty of workmanship, restraint, the possibilities of concrete, steel and plate glass and an abhorrence of what (reprehensibly, no doubt) they call "the arty", these are what architects and writers preach now. Who can deny that there is ground for hope?

As for the means by which a new symbolism shall be expressed, it will not matter what style of architecture is pressed into the service provided that it work. If sun-excluding Egyptian or Greek styles contain structural elements that will best serve us in our emprise of absorbing light let them be incorporated, not because they are Greek or Egyptian but because they are unsurpassable. If on the other hand concrete and steel necessitate an absolutely new type of construction by all means let a fresh "order" be evolved, not on the score of novelty but of pragmatism. And as for our general selves, surely we might discover that our architects are quite as worthy of attention and study as our painters. We agonise about the claims of Post-Impressionists and Academicians and pay our shillings (catalogue 6d.) for the privilege. In the meantime the streets and garden suburbs give away exhibitions of effort that will probably produce far more vital and permanent art. How near the point of fusion we are I do not feel competent to say—the point at which an expressive symbolism will be attained. But I think it not absurd to hope that we are nearer first principles than architecture has been for centuries. "The arts can only flourish when there is a common interest in them and constant criticism by all—that is by all people except critics." We may shrink from criticising churches, for example, feeling in a vague way that they are abstruse, special, incomprehensible. But theatres, hotels and shops we are qualified to argue about so far as practical

questions of lighting, space and unpretentiousness are concerned. Once we have noble commercial buildings we may perhaps expect to see again fine temples.

THE DOCTOR FAITH-HEALER.

MOST of our purely intellectual and spiritual history might be written in two great chapters on Faith and Fear.* The impulse to religion, philosophy and medicine has been faith or fear or both; and they are man's chief psychological products. Religion and medicine are as closely connected historically as the presupposed union of soul and body in the nature of man would lead us to expect. When philosophers started on an independent career to be neither priests nor medicine-men they applied themselves, amongst other things, to the examination of religion and medicine and to the criticism of the faiths or hopes and fears upon which each was founded. We are now in one of the philosophical ages, or perhaps it is truer to say we are emerging from one. The hopes and fears of religion were attacked or at least minimised, until a recent turn of thought, by speculation which came rather of physical science theories than of pure philosophy. The hopes and fears in which medical practitioners also have largely trusted for their treatment in all ages have been put into the background by this same semi-philosophic semi-scientific criticism which would put the body of man under the same physical laws as any other mechanism. There are many signs that this scientific extremism is passing away, and that it will again become as necessary as in earlier periods for medical practitioners to use psychological methods, though with more science, and to recognise that in many diseases the first point for consideration is the state of the mind or soul of the patient.

The Church long since laid aside the professional treatment of bodily disorders. Indirectly, by its use of prayer and religious exercises, it influenced very considerably the bodily health of those whose souls were its principal care. The hopes and terrors of the unseen world, the terrors often in disproportion, had mixed effects. The doctors, rather ostentatiously, left all these means to the Church, and materialistic treatment became orthodox. We are now, after experience of this separation, beginning to return to the ideal of the ancient world that the complete healer would be the priest-doctor or the doctor-priest. Medical registration laws may prevent the priest from practising medicine, but the doctor, as the book shows, is tending, without actually applying theological dogmas, to bring the influences of religious belief to act on bodily functions. The abuses possible in calling in aid these religious beliefs in the treatment of bodily complaints are evident. The founding of so-called Churches—such as those of Christian Science and Dowieism—for the main purpose of curing diseases that are serious or complaints that are trivial in fact exalt the very body whose laws they treat as figments to a non-religious and selfish pre-eminence. Christian Science is non-Christian and the science of it an absurdity. All bodily diseases are to be amenable to its treatment by denying the existence of disease itself. The absurdity is a shade greater than the theory of Dowieism that everything wrong with the body has its source in sin, an obvious travesty of Christian ascription. It is very considerably extending the notion of sin to bring within its purview an arm broken at football. Yet the doctors are impressed with the success obtained by such systems in the cure or mitigation of certain classes of disease. Underneath all the bad science and theology there lies the general truth that belief giving rise to faith and fear, whether well or ill founded, exercises powerful influence for good or ill on the operations of the body. Join modern psychology, which has become more definite by physical experiment, with modern physiology and you may have a system of physiologico-psychological

* "The Physiology of Faith and Fear; or, The Mind in Health and Disease." By William S. Sadler M.D., Professor of Physiological Therapeutics at the Post-Graduate Medical School of Chicago. London: Stanley Paul. 1912. 6s. net.

therapy which will give you better and safer results than these faith-cures.

The first principle, not of startling novelty, is that there are no states of mind which do not affect the body and no bodily diseases that do not react on the mind; and the treatment is that all the physical resources within the compass of medicine, or which philosophy, religion, literature, the arts or the imagination, passions, beliefs and emotions of the patient himself can supply to the mind, must be applied, varying according to the diagnosis of every particular case as the genius of the physician may guide him. The bottle of medicine may be in fact something which acts on a wrong condition of body, or, superfluous as such, may be a means of affecting the imagination of a patient and of stimulating him to a beneficial act of faith. He may through ignorance of facts in a thousand ways, or a wrong turn that circumstances have given to his emotions, be suggesting to himself fears that affect his health; and the wise therapist will throw physic to the dogs on his own account and undertake that ministering to the mind diseased which Macbeth's physician declined as hopeless, and induce the patient to minister to himself. And this example suggests limitations. Nothing in this book is more striking and impressive than the author's experience of the value of prayer in a wide range of states of ill-health, nervous derangements, debility and hopelessness, which undermine happiness and energy and make life an oppressive burden. He quotes also from Professor James' "Varieties of Religious Experience" the sentence, "As regards prayer for the sick, if any medical fact can be considered to stand firm, it is that in certain environments prayer may contribute to recovery and should be encouraged as a therapeutic measure". One thinks of Eugene Aram's "I cannot pray" or Macbeth's "Why could I not say Amen when they did say 'God bless us'?" or of Wordsworth's "Which they can hear who meddle not with crime"; said of that concord of Nature which most potently leads us to feel the presence of God and the sense of dependence which demands prayer. These are the extreme cases where neither the skillfullest suggestion of the physician nor the auto-suggestion of the patient may avail. We are in a region apparently purely spiritual in which the body suffers directly from the soul's ailment; but more than this the soul is paralysed in its own function, not merely obstructed or limited by the body, the ordinary problem of the physician. Yet one of the most remarkable cases in the book, where faith in prayer in the dogmatic or theological sense was believed lost, shows that if the patient may be persuaded into a practice of prayer for himself or others, for spiritual help and not for selfish objects, including in these even health, its psychic value as a therapeutic even in such circumstances does not fail.

The subject is delicate and the prescription of prayer for ailments savours of offence; it suggests little books of forms for patients, labelled, One every morning and evening. But one cannot write of this psycho-therapy and pass over what is represented as the most powerful means by which suggestion can be made to the mind. While the claim is made for it as a healing agency and though it is possible to regard it merely as an auto-suggestion of the patient's own mind, the other view of it as action on a still higher spiritual plane may be held as the author holds it. If we accept the facts, with whatever allowances, simply as facts vouched for by those who have observed them and used the method, we find a strange difference of view after twenty-five years of more science from that which in the name of science denied the efficacy of prayer in the treatment of disease and proposed to test it by results in hospitals.

ROMEO IN HUMORAL VIEW.

By FRANCES CHESTERMAN.

THE tragedy of "Romeo and Juliet" is a study of Sanguine Humour according to the physico-psychology of former times, and it contains within itself a stern lesson of balance, because Shakespeare would

have all men stable through mastery of their individual humours and temperaments. The English philosopher was of the spirit of Seneca, who taught: "He that is wise is temperate, and he that is temperate is constant, free from passion; he that is such a one is without sorrow".

In common with all humoralists Shakespeare regarded "complexions" and temperaments as fields of battle between "blood and judgement", grace and rude will, the inclinations of the flesh and the dictates of reason. Observing, then, the perilous ways of human nature through the physical, and immaterial, humours, he designed six manifestations of pathological "melancholy" or mental disorder, following upon six examples of defect of judgment, grace, reason.

As were the humours of the body so were the motions of the soul. Maistre Michel le Long, in his authorised "Commentaires sur les Aphorismes d'Hippocrate", 1645, observes: "It is a thing declared by all physicians and philosophers that the manners and habits of the soul (*l'esprit*) follow the temperament of the body, as that depends on the Humours which nourish it". If a man's dominant humour be sanguine his physiological qualities are those of heat and moisture, and his mental constitution exhibits cheerfulness and amiability. Since, therefore, both physical and mental health depend on the symmetry and proportion of the humours, it follows that watch must be kept lest the qualities of these, "many for virtues excellent, none but for some and yet all different", in exceeding just bounds, stumble on abuse. "Examine well", says Sir Thomas Browne, "thy complexional inclinations. Train early batteries against those strongholds built upon the rock of nature, and make this a great part of the militia of thy life." Such precept may be compared with the teaching of the Friar when under a figure of the herb kingdom he expounds the naturalist's philosophy of balance as it applies to corporal bodies. The ears that heard and the minds that received his teaching were familiar with the theory of the old beloved earth and her lessons by analogy. For what to them was the world but the "Great Man", or what was man but the "Little World"? In and over the Macrocosmos Deity breathed and moved, ruling the motions of its elements. In the Microcosmos Deity breathed indeed, yet without ruling the motions of his elemental qualities, their affections and passions.

The early Church brought pantheistic physiology into line with her own teaching. "God", said S. Augustine, "therefore placed in the earth the man whom he had made, as it were another World, the great and large World in the small and little World." And in saying this he meant what his words implied of correspondences, sympathies, analogies, between the Universe and man. He agreed that the four elements symbolised by the humours, blood, choler, phlegm, melancholy, were found in man, who must act and be acted upon by the quality and quantity of the special element which predominated in his body. The sanguine constitution symbolised air that is hot and moist; the choleric fire that is hot and dry; the phlegmatic water that is cold and moist; the melancholy earth that is cold and dry.

Agreeing with and influencing the four complexions were the four seasons, the four quarters of the globe, the four winds, and the four ages of man. Again, in harmony with and influencing elemental qualities in all bodies were the constellations: Jupiter and Venus—air; Mars and the sun—fire; the fixed stars and the moon—water; Saturn and Mercury—earth.

Professor Dowden observes that our great dramatist "treats external nature as the milieu, or enveloping medium of human passion; while sometimes in addition between external nature and human passion Shakespeare reveals acute points of special contact". This treatment is, however, no mere accident of individual perception, but rather a compliance with the humoral rule that macrocosmic nature bears strongly upon the microcosmic. When building up a story of "excess" the master deliberately tempers "extremities with extreme", bringing together unities of climate,

season, age to enforce the complexional tendencies of his tragic personæ: and this in antithesis to the method in curative science. Students may recall that Hippocrates suffered no weak body to be subject to its "like intemperatures", but would have it "recreated" by contrariety. The Southern clime, the "summer's ripening breath" concurring with their sanguine complexions, and their age of "vanity" betrayed the hapless lovers to melancholy and to death.

Shakespeare is at pains to inform us of Juliet's years, and her age of early adolescence forms, in fact, an important point, since it is that which shows cause for irrationality in talk and conduct. Then none looked for rationality in the "third age" of humanity's span of life. "This begins", says Maistre Michel le Long, "at fourteen and goes up to twenty-one or about, when the heat blazing forth becomes master of the (excessive) humidity (of the former age). . . . The man begins to reason as a man and to put forth a beard. But as he only begins to reason so his reasonings are not so perfect as in the following age, nor are they always satisfactory, since he makes them depend on his whims and passions, rendering lawful the most unreasonable things, turning more to vice than to virtue, and rebuffing nothing so much as the remonstrance and correction of the wiser ages." All this Shakespeare brings out, and notably in the scene when Romeo rejects with anger "Adversity's sweet milk philosophy" at the Friar's wiser hand. Such flaws of adolescence are frequently exhibited by the great humorist, as for instance in Countess Rousillon's apology for her son: "All's Well that Ends Well", Act V. scene 3; and in Florizel's elevation of phantasy above reason, "Winter's Tale", Act IV. scene 3.

Notwithstanding imperfections, Sanguine is the best complexion. "Blood", said Wyclif, "is moost kyndely umour, answering to the love of God", as who should say it holds in greatest measure the essential beauty of the animal soul. "Experience", observes Sir Kenelm Digby, "as well as reason teacheth us that all objects which be naturally good are those which be hot and moyst in due proportion." "'Tis a good hand", concludes Othello, when he has tested by her hand Desdemona's complexional inclinations. No others are so frank, so winning, so affectionate, as Sanguinians. They are indeed the paragons of Nature; beautiful as she is beautiful and sensuous as she is sensuous, because they inherit her own condition. To them in their morning time all things shine, sing, and give forth joy. Love is their métier. They wear it as their proper habit, yielding most easily to the "charm of looks". Yet this ardent complexion threatens while it promises, since its bounds of sweetness are quickly overborne, and nature has no licence for excess. Romeo, Antony, Falstaff are principal figures in Shakespeare's gallery of Sanguinians, but among women he shows Juliet, who rises in her first adolescence to the full dignity of the candid soul of sense; Desdemona, who subdues her complexion even to the quality of her lord; Cressida, who puts no check upon her impulses, but wantonly profanes the gracious gift of sense.

It is, in some sort, an ungrateful task to urge the humoral warning that appears not less in "Romeo and Juliet" than in the heavier tragedies. So strongly are we held by the magic of Shakespeare's love story that we seek to justify, howbeit unconsciously, our sympathy with the beautiful child-lovers of but four golden days. The idea that an exquisite art may conceal ethical teaching offends, and therefore indications of effeminacy in the poet-lover are slurred, the warning utterance of the Friar is put by, the contemptuous estimate of "my lady's lord" by the Nurse is taxed. Yet Romeo's quip on Mercutio that he was "one that God had made himself to mar" might not unfitly have been spoken of himself.

The potential cowardice that is pathognomic of sanguine degeneration finds marked expression. Degeneration, be it observed, had already begun with Romeo when he met Juliet in the path of their darkly

shining stars. The shrewd Nurse, serving in a choleric family and approving the fiery Tybalt, warrants Romeo as "gentle as a lamb"! She praises only his handsome person and plausible manners. Juliet had made a "simple choice". When Romeo has slain Tybalt she is astonished: "Whoever would have thought it? Romeo!" When she sees the fond madman in the Friar's cell, prone upon the ground, "blubbering and weeping, weeping and blubbering", she bids him "stand up, stand up; stand an you be a man"; when the decree of banishment is declared she (who knew his first fear in the discovery of Juliet's parentage) is ready to "wager all the world to nothing That he dares ne'er come back to challenge you".

Thence it is but a rush to headlong ruin. Excess of delight, with "perturbation", induces at length in Juliet the condition of melancholy which Romeo exhibited at the beginning. That the lovers should degenerate, physically and mentally, is the plain pathological conclusion of the "frenzy" whose warning symptoms are detailed with careful accuracy throughout the play. Could it be entertained for one moment by the humorist that Shakespeare intended no ethical warning in "Romeo and Juliet", it would still be apparent that he meant to present, with whatsoever sweetness and richness of beauty, a studied example of Sanguine Humour in pathological degeneration.

THE IRONIST:

A TALE OF NEW YEAR'S EVE.

By GEORGE A. B. DEWAR.

BLUNT and Awry were at least typical Englishmen in the way they spoke foreign tongues. Thus they missed their train to Cefalù through asking for tickets to Sefalù; and, swinging out of the station in shy disgust at finding several people in the crowd trying to help them, they walked down towards the sea, and presently found themselves in one of those wondrous gardens of aloe and lemon tree where the blackcap sings among the peach and orange blossoms of Sicily. There they saw a bust of Ciuлло d'Algama. Who was Ciuлло they never discovered. The pedestal did not tell, nor Baedeker; and, having failed in their inquiry as to Cefalù, they were in no mood to ask. Ciuлло may have been a patriot, he may have been a poet; the mould on the bust and pedestal might point to either. They passed Ciuлло by after a glance, but years afterwards both were strongly reminded of the neglected bust by the singular stranger who sometimes joined them in their rooms in Charlotte Crescent and took part in their discussions on economics and ways of government.

The Ciuлло d'Algama bust shows a man with a very refined head. Particularly the back of it, if I remember right, is finely chiselled, having the beautiful curve which one sometimes sees in the head of a sensitive woman, when the hair is brushed smooth, so that the shape is well shown. There is an undoubted look of femininity in such small heads sensitively outlined, but the shape is exquisite, suggesting choiceness and nerve intensity. The stranger of Charlotte Crescent, light-haired, almost flaxen, with his pointed beard, had the Ciuлло type of head distinctly. Neither Blunt nor Awry could ever remember, when later on in life they tried to do so, how exactly he had first introduced himself to them or they to him. But the house in which they shared a sitting-room at Charlotte Crescent, with several other houses near by, was famous for the Bohemian habit. There was little or no formality among the fortuitous atoms that coalesced, and sometimes jarred, in this loose community of bodies and souls.

Impressionists and temperamentists, day and night journalists who saw their papers to bed, "literary artists", cryptic foreigners with British Museum Library tickets, people concerned with Karma and people concerned with Christian Science, all belonged for a while to that strange caravanserai. They came, as the people in the Persian poet, like water and like wind they went, and many of them knew not each other's

names or pursuits. There was an Indian doctor who spent all his afternoons playing shilling games of chess at the Bohemian café near by with prosperous Oxford Street tradesmen; and who hung over the greasy old board and the greasier set of Staunton men with that wonderful stillness—not an eye blinking, not a muscle of the face moving—which is only seen in the player from the East, a man who did not lift the pieces on making his move, but slid them softly. There was the night editor, whose business it was to put to bed the stern—but not always unbending—Tory newspaper. This man was known as one of the most absolutely trustworthy and devoted working journalists in London. He had walked home to Charlotte Crescent at four in the morning for thirty-five years with a copy of the paper wet from the press. Thirty-five years of that experience is enough, they say, to make a man a Radical or a Socialist—and the night editor was the most bitter Radical and Socialist on the Press. It is enough, some will say, to make a man an atheist, and the night editor believed in nothing in the world but the paper he worked for—he would, it was said, have died for that.

There were curious students of history. There was the student who held the chronological theory, who began by being a great admirer of Charles I., went on by believing in Cromwell, and ended by discovering that the truly great king in English history was neither one nor the other but Charles II.

An entire contrast with this student, who never seems to have published anything, was Gravel, the well-known literary journalist, who had published nearly everything. He had lived in Charlotte Crescent before his marriage, which was not for love or for money, but for literature. Gravel was the most highly cultivated journalist, many people held, of his day, and the most uncomfortable conversationist. If you started a subject, he was instantly far ahead of you; his was a hare which your hound could never hope to reach, twisting at right angles almost hundreds of yards ahead of you—"Yes, yes", he would say to prevent you wasting another moment of your time or his attention in finishing your sentences; "I am quite well aware of it". Gravel could listen as well as talk, but even in that capacity it was impossible to resist the impression that he was listening far ahead of you. He knew every question of the day, and had sized up soundly all the people who wrote, acted, painted, and spoke. Gravel appeared to have read all the books, too. He was a familiar figure in the writing parts of London, his overcoat bulging out with parcels of review copies.

Poets in appearance and idealists, souls who kept themselves unspotted from the brutal facts of life, drifted from time to time to the Charlotte Crescent quarter. There was always a little group there who fiercely fought the prejudice that there could possibly be such a thing as "a gentleman" in the worldly acceptance of the term, in the public school or country house acceptance of it; a group which drew to itself several public school men who flung themselves against the prejudice even more fiercely than their friends. They weeded the "Fairy Queen" out of their bookshelves because it is so full of the gentle breeding prejudice. "Never let me hear that expression again!" exclaimed one of them hotly when a companion, with innocent forgetfulness, asked about somebody, "Is he a gentleman?"

It was into this atmosphere of strange doers and dreamers—who, however they disagreed in many things, were at one always in this: they were quite out of the common ruck of men and women—that the two friends, Blunt and Awry, were plunged by some chance or other of lodging. Blunt was the poor individualist, Awry was the well-off Socialist, both from the same private tutor, both from the same public school, gentlemen both in the sense that caused so much generous heart-burning in Charlotte Crescent. Blunt was an artist and book illustrator, who was always influenced in the quality of his work by the question of bread and cheese; Awry

was the playwright and poet, who, as aunts and uncles died and jointures fell in, seemed to be more and more handicapped by the absence of any stimulus to work hard and discover whether he had a genius to develop.

Blunt and Awry were ever arguing about the limits of anarchism and the limits of socialism, as to the merits of self-aid and the merits of State-aid. The one swore by Marx, the other by Mill. Their discussion would go on till far into the night—so late indeed at times that the working journalist of the third-floor back would sometimes be welcomed to the fray by both sides after he had put his paper to bed and walked home under the waning stars, smoking his infinite pipe. Perhaps to the individualist who had nothing to live by except harsh practice these discussions were a sort of recreation; whereas to the Socialist who had nothing to live for but theory they may have been about the most real things in existence. But, however that may be, the discussions would often grow very hot, especially when the night editor came in and threw all the weight of his thirty-five years of practice on to the side of the theorist. There were nights when in the heat engendered by their cold theme the disputers seemed to hate each other; though it was not the hate that lasts; it was never the hate which individualist can bear to individualist, or that collectivist can bear to collectivist. It was never internecine hate.

Into these debates at Charlotte Crescent came from time to time the stranger whom, through want of a closer intimacy, the friends named Ciullo. It was very clear to both debaters that he was of neither party. He would listen to a great deal of the clash of their argument with a certain grave aloofness in which an onlooker might have detected a large humane sympathy, a pity for both and yet a sternness towards both. As to the quality of his criticism when he offered it, how great the gap between this and the combative criticism of the night editor, who, having lovingly put his Tory to bed, clapped on the red cap and lit up the black clay of Demos! Or how great the gap between his criticism of the arguments and the encyclopædic criticism of the up-to-date Gravel! Gravel, who was perfectly acquainted with the latest and the earliest theories, who had read all the best books and pamphlets on thrift, on land nationalisation, on destitution, and on the devil's duties; and who on these, as on all other subjects, would, both in talking and listening, race whole laps ahead of Blunt and Awry.

The stranger of Charlotte Crescent was an arguer doubtless, but his method was quite unlike that of any one who took part in these debates. There were qualities about it which appeared to dissociate this singular disputant alike from Blunt the hard-shell individualist, who prided himself on being a doer; from Awry, who was content to be regarded as the dreamer, the intellectual; from Gravel the liveliest of the journalists, who professionally knew everything and lived for nearly all the public prints; from Drab, the Radical night editor, who professionally had known only one thing for thirty-five years—how to tuck up a Tory—and lived with a selfless devotion for only one public print.

Whereas these debaters, one and all, seemed, directly or indirectly, to be—at the back of it—really on the make, he seemed to view all these questions of government and economics from a standpoint of secure detachment. He could analyse, as heartlessly, so the other disputants could agree among themselves, as some vestal virgin. He impressed them sometimes with the sense of a very vast experience in men's affairs; so that they were amazed that such a man should have made obviously such a mess of life.

They agreed there must be a kink in him somewhere.

But perhaps more than anything his quality of satire struck them, because they moved in a circle of men and women who felt they had the literary instinct. It was a peculiar form of irony that went perfectly with the detached method of argument about matters which lash men and women into constant passion. It was glacier-cold; but it scorched and singed its victims at times.

It burnt as only an icy irony can burn.

The stranger never seemed really to side with the doctrine of Blunt or the doctrine of Awry, the doctrine of doing or the doctrine of dreaming; and not seldom when they grew warm he would chill them with something they felt to be very near home truth; something that arraigned Blunt, the needy man, of brutal, cynical indifferentism towards human suffering, something that arraigned Awry, the well-off man, of hypocritical professions of sympathy, seeing he had a balance at the bank.

His icy irony would scorch Blunt as a man who was always consciously, defiantly committing the vice, and Awry as a man who was always sub-consciously, conveniently omitting the virtue.

Secretly, whilst he thus reproached the arguers, they felt the cut of his dreadful whip; but no sooner was he gone than they would forget all about the stranger and his scourge and begin afresh.

Thus as the year of dispute closed and Christmas came round again they warmed up more than ever—Awry to his principle, Blunt to his practice.

They went out and bought Christmas decorations. Awry bought a rare copy of the first edition of Marx and caused it to be choicely bound by a free-thought friend of Drab's who worked in some passage out of Paternoster Lane. But Blunt bought a little bust in plaster of Mill: and with these on the table and mantelpiece the friends sat down to welcome in with warm argument the first day of the year.

It was then that their strange visitor, who had come in as usual without invitation or formality, showed the one sign of passion they had found in him since he joined their circle. Anger flushed his features when the exulting opponents pointed out to him the presents they had made themselves against the New Year, the idols they had set up in Charlotte Crescent.

The stranger took the copy of Marx and tore it in two and set it on the fire. He took the bust of Mill and flung it on the floor, where it was shattered to bits.

Then Blunt and Awry discovered how they had never truly, even in their hottest passages, hated each other. They knew then in a flash of rare revelation that it had been the stranger they had really hated and despised from the outset, and would hate and despise to the end. And, in their gnashing rage and despair at the spoiling of their properties, they saw the expression and features of the stranger in quite another light than that they had hitherto seen him in.

They saw a sinister figure as they drove him savagely from the room, warned him never to come near them again. Ciullo d'Algama's features, as seen then by the friends, were those of any but a poet or a patriot. Insolence, insanity were clearly to be seen on his face and figure; what they had often taken for purifying irony was after all but the low cunning of a madman.

So they drove him out and slammed the door on him for ever; and, sympathising deeply with each other, they set to work to gather up and see what could be done with the fragments of Marx and Mill.

Haunting the shabby basement of the house where Blunt and Awry lodged and the stranger visited was the man-of-all-work. He blacked the boots, he helped to bring in the meals of the different lodgers, he cleaned the windows, he answered the door, he carried the luggage, he swept the passages. This man, young in years, perhaps not above thirty, was the oldest, the meekest, the wannest specimen of his kind—and all who have known a man-of-all-work in a boarding-house or in a house of many apartments will know well how extremely meek and wan he can be in such surroundings. The man looked as if he had not a drop of really red blood in his body: the corpuscles had been quite

forgotten by Nature when she made him up. He was as a potato plant that has sprung in the dark cellar, and in truth the man-of-all-work appeared to live almost wholly in the dark during a great part of his day in Charlotte Crescent. He had a little round hairless white patch at the side of his head. Some lodgers thought he had been troubled as a boy by ringworm, but others held it was a place where the rats in the basement had nibbled away his hair when he was sleeping.

This man had perhaps never seen a beautiful thing. His soul must have been as low lit as his sleeping-place somewhere down in the basement or at the dark ends of dingy passages. He looked as one who had never tasted love or friendship. He had no books, and how could he have had the wit to desire or to understand them, had they come his way? He had no idols, and Marx was as remote from him as Mill. He was poorer than the savage, for he had not even the little bit of stick that is on the way to a god.

He had known nothing worth calling dreams in a world of unchanging meanness.

But the dream that once in a life comes to every man came that eve to him. He had dropped asleep in his corner in that dark end of the passage on the ground floor where he would poise himself for hours to answer calls from above, or to open the door, or to run and carry.

The sudden clang from the steeples, mocking bells ringing in a new year of drudgery, or the angry sounds from above and the slamming of the door roused him.

Then somewhere between sleep and waking the drudge was in the midst of a glory. He had a vision brighter than Orion full upon the midnight sky, and sublimer than the galaxy streaming right across the zenith north and south. He had a vision of a stranger whose face, like the angel's, was as the lightning, and whose raiment was a wondrous shining white; and the form was bowed beneath a cross.

For the truth is often rapt away from wise men and revealed to fools and babes.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE FOOD TAXES.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

20 Fairlawn Park Chiswick W.

SIR—Three years ago I tried to get some of our leaders to realise that they were trying to do the right thing in the wrong way; but in vain. The realisation has come to some of them at last, and has brought confusion into the Unionist party just when unity is a vital necessity. Mr. Balfour's long hesitation over Tariff Reform was ominous, and should have shown the lions in the path. Then came the shilly-shallying over the Referendum, which was worse; and now comes the revolt against food taxes which is dividing the party. But to drop food taxes without taking other measures to meet the necessity for Imperial Preference would be a fatal blunder; a third course must be found.

The original proposition was reasonable enough in itself; but it gave rise among Unionists to the discontent which is now finding such perilous expression; and it put a lethal weapon into the hands of our opponents. The pinch of the time is the steady increase in the price of food, and any proposition to tax it gives rise to such opposition, deep, fierce, and unreasoning, that it is a millstone about the neck, and will sink the party. At the same time the object for which this perilous measure was framed must be attained, but by better means. Here is a way out.

These are the necessities of the case. Tariff Reform to give us a means of bargaining for reduction of hostile tariffs; Preference within the Empire; and protection and encouragement for our agriculture, and for

all food producers. The first step is to place a moderate tax on all manufactured articles, higher for the foreigner than for the Greater Britons. Part of the revenue thus raised should be devoted to giving preferential rates, and lower dues for all foodstuffs brought in British or Dominion vessels from all parts of the Empire. This would be an indirect bonus; and the best form of it should be devised in consultation with the oversea Dominions as proposed by Mr. Bonar Law. By letting foreign food in free, and giving a preference by lowering dues on food sent from other parts of the Empire, it would so cheapen living that our manufacturers and their workers would have a great advantage over foreign competitors who are all groaning under the steadily increasing cost of food. Our opponents would be paralysed by having their most deadly weapon dashed from their hands, and instead of labouring under the fatal stigma of "Food Taxers" we should be food cheapeners, and should easily sweep the country at the next election, and be able to save the Constitution and the Empire. As more go-ahead nations have built up big industries by means of the direct bonus, there is no sane objection to the mild indirect bonus here tentatively suggested. But the essential condition is that food taxes must be dropped absolutely; there must be no shilly-shallying with the Referendum; or, as "Ex-M.P." suggests, putting it off until the third session of Parliament under a Unionist Government; as there is no chance of getting a working majority while there is any fear of food taxes either in later sessions or as a result of conferences with the Dominions.

Somewhat similar means should be used to encourage the production of food at home, so that we should be less abjectly dependent on the foreigner for our supplies. This proposition, rough and tentative as it is, embodies a principle which needs to be affirmed with the utmost vigour to allay the haunting dread of food taxes. Remove that dread, widespread and potent, and we shall be at once masters of the situation, while food taxes will bring ruination to the party, chaos into the Constitution, and disintegration of the Empire.

Yours etc.

E. WAKE COOK.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

8 Moray Place Edinburgh

28 December 1912.

SIR—I have been particularly interested in your article entitled "The Tariff Plan of Campaign". I quite agree that you "have always been convinced Tariff Reformers", and I consider your article to be a powerfully and reasonably stated argument for the temporary suppression of the "food tax" proposals. At the same time I admit that I do not find it convincing. In the first place I feel strongly that the term "food taxes" is extremely misleading. As I understand the matter, any possible tax on foodstuffs proposed as a part of Tariff Reform is to be framed on the lines of the now familiar proposed duty of 2s. per quarter on foreign imported wheat. That means that first of all it is to be imposed only on what is produced outside the British Empire—all Empire food products to be admitted free, and secondly that its imposition is designed not for revenue or only in exceptional cases for the protection primarily of United Kingdom food products, but for the stimulation (by means of this preference over all foreign or outside competitors) of supply and of transport within the Empire.

The shortage of food supply is at present universal; hence the universal rise in food prices. I know of only one way of combating this shortage, and thereby for a generation or two at least reducing prices—and that is by encouraging not only the more rapid development of Empire wheat and other food production, but also and of equal importance the more rapid develop-

ment of Empire railways and other means of transport and communication.

This twofold development can only be secured by the very substantial preference which will be given to producers and transporters within the Empire by imposing small duties within the limits laid down by Mr. Bonar Law on all foreign wheat, and, if expedient, other food products, while admitting all such Empire-grown products to our markets free.

Apart from the advantage such a policy will give us in working out along with our Colonies (not "having dictated to us"!) a general policy of Imperial Preference or Imperial Trade Partnership, it is absolutely essential to us if we are to secure for our people once again a prolonged period of low food prices. Hence the urgency of pursuing without a halt the so-called "food tax" or the more justly named "cheap food" portion of the Tariff Reform policy.

In the second place, your article states that the dropping of these taxes meanwhile is essential in the opinion of "a vast number of experienced electioneers". Now it is obvious that it is useless to cry over spilt milk, and it may seem irrelevant to state what I believe to be the case that these "experienced electioneers" are for the most part speaking of constituencies where through diffidence, apathy, or lack of grasp of the subject, the true bearing of these "food taxes" has not been energetically and persistently—and I may add consistently—put and kept before the intelligences of the electors. I believe however that the electorate throughout the country has been by means of the Tariff Reform League and other organisations so far familiarised with the fundamental principles of the taxes in question that a determined and strenuous campaign of exposition and demonstration from now till the next General Election—however soon it may come—would be fertile of results (in minds already shaken in their once child-like belief in Radical cant) to a degree that would startle these "experienced electioneers" and fill them with a new enthusiasm.

Finally, I would suggest that if as a party at this late date we did drop the foreign "food taxes" we should merely, and not without justice, be suspected of a hollow and futile electioneering trick.

Rather let us stick to our guns and keep our flag—the flag of whole-hearted Imperial Preference and unity—flying, and frankly and fearlessly let the people know that the Radical distortion is a lie—that there is no question of being dictated to by the Colonies, but that as business men and within clearly defined limits we mean to go to the Colonies and make with them the best business arrangement that can be made—best for them no doubt, but also indubitably best for us.

I am yours faithfully

P. J. FORD.

THE LIE OF THE LAND.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Wetheringsett Manor Stowmarket Suffolk

29 December 1912.

SIR—It would appear from Mr. Ryder's letter in your issue of the 28th inst. that he is not altogether in favour of the policy of small holdings and allotments. He harks back in his comparisons to French proprietorships and to the value of high tariffs. You cannot set the clock back, and small holdings are what the people want and are what they will have in spite of vested interests and political opposition. I, with many others, maintain—not on political grounds—that this step will not only be to the advantage of the State by keeping the men on the land instead of sending them abroad, but will also increase production enormously, many farms being at present undermanned and therefore insufficiently farmed. The economic success of small holdings will be enhanced very considerably when the public bodies can buy land at a fair price and not at the absurd figure they are at present obliged to give.

Quite recently the Hartismere Council covering this district approved of prices varying from £77 to £25 per acre for erection of cottages, lumped them all together and passed them without question. There is no land worth £60 to £80 per acre or anything approaching it in the Hartismere Rural District, neither would any Councillor give half the amount, yet because it comes out of the rates they sanctioned the expenditure.

High tariffs are as dead as Queen Anne in Great Britain. When our labourer gets the land at a reasonable rent he will maintain the present high birth-rate and will be a better asset to the State by his increased prosperity than the French peasant proprietor with his high tariff and low birth-rate.

Yours faithfully

H. T. MORGAN.

P.S.—£25 per acre was for one parish only; the other three parishes averaged £73 per acre.

POST-IMPRESSIONISM.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Flatford East Bergholt Suffolk
28 December 1912.

SIR—Mr. O. Raymond Drey began this correspondence by censuring M. Ernest Dimnet and Mr. C. H. Collins Baker for approaching their subject with prejudice instead of attempting with some humility to seek ideas with which more generously minded critics might have credited a movement in art of such magnitude and vigour as Post-Impressionism; he objected to their "condemning it roundly as the product of incompetence and charlatanry", and stated that this is the same kind of critical hostility which Manet, Monet, Pissarro, Sisley and the other Impressionists had to fight. It was a sufficient indictment of the action of your contributors to lead one to expect at least a powerful advocacy of the Post-Impressionists' cause. How did Mr. Drey proceed to carry this into effect? At once admitting there was nothing new in a painter divesting his subject of associated ideas for æsthetic purposes, he claimed for his protégés more conscious possession of this austerity of purpose than their predecessors. He then hazarded a reason for distorted drawing, but when asked he made no attempt to support these two points.

His second letter endeavoured to restrict Post-Impressionism within a definite limit for the purpose of critical argument; at the same time he informed us he held no brief for Futurism and threw over Picasso and the Cubists, so far admitting the justice of your critics. Before one can decide whether one is advancing it is necessary to know the base of departure; here Mr. Drey exhibited that lack of knowledge of the Impressionists and their teaching inherent in the mind of anyone who talks of Post-Impressionism with the above mentioned reservations.

Impressionism is still the most vigorous and potent force in modern painting; chronologically there can be no Post-Impressionism apart from Mr. Drey's abandoned exceptions. That Impressionism arose in Paris in the 'sixties of the last century to disappear in the 'nineties is an error of the youthful and superficial. Two of the four leaders of that period are still with us—MM. E. Degas and Claude Monet. They would tell us the movement is more enduring than their lives can be; it is so vigorous that while there are many possible developments there is no sign of its end.

Mr. Drey coupled Monet with a pointillist and thereby was guilty of a popular misconception. Monet was never a pointillist, and no one who knows his work as a whole could think so any more than they could be blind to its regard for line. But Monet's regard for line, like that of Degas, differed essentially from the academic view. It was a true development of the perception and use of line with which I suspect Mr.

Drey would find himself in sympathy, did he understand it sufficiently to give its authors their lawful homage. Cézanne could never have been a leader; the less said of him and his painting the better. He was quietly buried and passing into oblivion; this rapid exhumation and exhibition of soulless remains reeks of the odours of commercial charlatanry. Let us leave the noisome thing to the resurrectionists and those hirelings who get what they can out of it; there is healthier work among the quick.

M. Claude Monet's pictures live and continue to extend their influence throughout the world. It is for Mr. Drey to prove, if he can do so, that they do not contain qualities of lineal design. I recommend him to study them from the "Déjeuner sur l'Herbe" to the series of "Peupliers au bord de l'Epte" as a commencement. He will then learn something of the influence of Impressionism upon composition and line, which has been as remarkable as it has upon colour. In the three opportunities given him in your columns Mr. Drey has failed to prove his assertions. He has endeavoured to ride off upon irrelevant side issues instead of withdrawing accusations against your contributors which he has not substantiated.

I have the honour to remain

Your obedient servant,

H. P. H. FRISWELL.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

46 Gordon Square Bloomsbury
21 December 1912.

SIR—I have deliberately refrained from taking part in a discussion which arose, unless I mistake, out of your criticism of my preface to the Grafton catalogue. An affectionate remembrance of the old SATURDAY, however, compels me at this point to interpose a word. Unless your present readers are very different from those who, a few years ago, delighted in Mr. MacColl's passionate and dignified defence of art from the corruption of professional pot-boilers and prizemen, I doubt whether Mr. Winans' letter will do much to advance his cause. What, I wonder, would you have said ten years ago of a gentleman who based his claim to respect on having been "awarded the Grand Prix for sculpture at the Milan Exhibition this year, also the highest award (the gold medal) at the Fifth Olympiad at Stockholm this year", on having "exhibited several times at the Paris Salon and the English Royal Academy", and on being "a member of the Salon du Concours Hippique, Paris, the North British Academy etc." You would have inquired, I fancy, why he had not joined the Putney Pen and Pencil Club, and whether at the Balham Beauty Show he was hors de concours.

Yours faithfully

CLIVE BELL.

[Our correspondent will perhaps note that there has been no editorial comment on this correspondence.—ED. S.R.]

ELGAR.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

69 Clarence Gate Gardens
Regent's Park N.W.

SIR—Some of Mr. Runciman's observations are certainly illuminating on Elgar's music, but, oddly enough, to Sir Edward Elgar's most inspired work, particularly "From the Bavarian Highlands", he makes no reference. The second Bavarian dance ("In Hammersbach") is a musical gem. In my opinion, Elgar's finest inspirations are his lighter works. They show more spontaneity, less labour and much feeling.

I am Sir your obedient servant

G. STRANGWAYS COLLINS.

REVIEWS.

THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY IN OUTLINE.

"The English Scene in the Eighteenth Century." By E. S. Roscoe. London: Constable. 1912. 12s. 6d. net.

IN one of his later essays Sir Leslie Stephen complained that too much value is placed on the publication of minute new facts relating to the history of the eighteenth century. The aim of students of the society of that day should be to systemize the materials which are already in existence; in other words, to form a clear and general view of the age.

Thus Mr. Roscoe in his Prefatory Note. He goes on to say that Sir Leslie's last work—"English Literature and Society in the Eighteenth Century"—is an admirable example of the performance of this precept, and that his own object is "to follow the same ideal and to present to the reader some of the more important and characteristic aspects of England" at the time. The difficulties in the way of forming a "clear and general view" are tremendous. If we say that Mr. Roscoe has not altogether overcome them, that is not to condemn his book. Let it plead its humanity, and "missus abibit". An obstacle at the outset is that Sir Leslie's dictum, admirable for "Students", is a hard saying for "General Readers". For them—the majority of those who have been bitten by the eighteenth-century dog—the "scene" will never be so interesting as the players; for them the "minute details" are the attraction. The eighteenth was pre-eminently the century of "characters". Then, if ever, civilised man did that which seemed good in his own eyes. Public opinion was only in process of formation. If you had told the eighteenth-century man that this or that was not done "by the best people", he would have replied that he had no pretensions and no desire to belong to the best people, that it was his way, and in that way he should walk. His anfractuosities had not been rounded away rolling on the iron road. Therefore is he so interesting to most of us. Would Johnson's wit and wisdom appeal to so large a multitude, if divested of the "Bow-wow manner"?

Mr. Roscoe, covering a larger field than Sir Leslie, has adopted probably the only system which could approach success. His first seven chapters he gives to three cities—London, Bath, and Liverpool—the capital, the city of pleasure, and the seaport. His other ten to conspicuous groups—the Middle Class, the Men of the Industrial Revolution, the Country Clergy. It is obvious that seventeen chapters afford space only for a most cursory survey; equally obvious that this review must be as cursory. It is ill drawing an outline of an outline.

Mr. Roscoe's outlines are in the main correct. We think him unjust to the "Religion" of the century, but are not sure that we understand his point of view. Talking of the London citizen, the well-to-do merchant, he says that "he was at any rate outwardly religious". A great churchgoer, weekdays as well as Sunday, both in the morning and the evening. But, says Mr. Roscoe, "the eighteenth century was unspiritual". Is that peculiar to the eighteenth? What century was "spiritual"? Is the twentieth? "Que vous semble-t-il? Qu'il y a d'esprit?" "Il y a tant que je n'y ai pas vu de corps."

Again, talking of Lord Hardwicke's Marriage Act, he says: "There must be a religious ceremony; whether performed by a broken-down parson in a tavern, or by a divine in a West End church, was immaterial". We don't believe it. "The idea of anything in the nature of a sacrament, of any divine binding of human ties, was wholly absent." How can Mr. Roscoe know? If he means that in the eighteenth century middle-class marriage was a failure, all such memoirs give him the lie. In the eighteenth, "half

the peeresses married all the peers", but to find the City a "cuckoo's nest" we must go back a bit and come sparking from the Tower with *débonnaire* Edward IV., or saunter from Whitehall with Rochester. The eighteenth-century man doubtless thought the formal ceremony the least part of matrimony, the legal, visible side of it, not the divine, spiritual side. But is that eighteenth century? The Church still supports that view.

But Mr. Roscoe seems to hold peculiar views on matrimony. "Lord Chesterfield planned a most elaborate Grand Tour for his son—he might have been his legitimate offspring." Of course he might—only he wasn't. But does Mr. Roscoe think a bar sinister a bar to natural affection? For ourselves, we should rather be disposed to credit Chesterfield with a belief that a real Stanhope could do without a Grand Tour, or would get one as of right, without paternal care.

Mr. Roscoe's chapter on the country clergy may pair with Macaulay's on the same class in the seventeenth century. He should read Crabbe and clerical memoirs, and he will find that Cowper, whom he quotes as writing to a parson in 1790, was right. "Some of you could not be better, and some of you are stark naught." But was that eighteenth century? Was it ever untrue?

Gladly we turn to less debatable ground, to our "old nobility". Of them, in his limits, Mr. Roscoe can tell us little that is new. But he brings out well their chief characteristic, their impregnable Olympian certitude. From that sprang all their virtues, from that their vices. They are gone for ever, the "very dukes of very duke". Peace be with them, for their charm remains.

The chapters on the Titans who overthrew them, the Middle Class, the New Provincial Citizen, and, most Titanic of all, the Industrials, Wedgwoods, Boultons, Arkwrights, Peels, are good. But each chapter should be written in many books, and Mr. Roscoe is concerned only with a *précis*. He gives his authorities in a footnote occasionally, and refers the reader to them.

The naval officer he selects as the professional man who is gone. Indeed, the difference between Captain Mirvan and Captain Anybody of his Majesty George V.'s ship *So-and-So* is about as wide as can be imagined. Everyone knows of the many snares laid for the paid-off seaman, but we confess to surprise at finding how well worth plucking the bird was. In 1762 the "Active" and the "Favourite" divided £519,165 in prize-money. The captains had £64,000 each; every common sailor £480. No wonder that, besides the sweet little cherub, so many malodorous imps sat up keeping watch for poor Jack.

"The Peasant" is sad reading. We gained a clearer notion of the causes of his decadence, but the method of his rehabilitation we cannot, alas! find in any chapter.

The book, and it is a pity, has blemishes quite easy to avoid. To the many plates no artist's name or locality is attached. Some we recognise; but we should be told who painted the splendid "Henry Fielding" and where the original is. We hope, for Mr. Roscoe's sake, that he did not revise his own proofs. Errors are many. Chesterfield is made to write: "Then to Paris, et si cela ne nous de trotte pas, il faut que le diable s'en mêle". Did he write "décrotte"? The hero of the "New Bath Guide" comes out as Simkin Barnard. B-n-r-d is a trisyllable, Blunderhead. We find Thompson's "Seasons", p. 10; Miss Lindley, p. 72; Haughton for Houghton, p. 237; Lady Sarah Banbury, p. 241; Parson Trullibar, p. 265. We find many things. In spite of them, the book is quite readable, and, a little corrected, should form a good introduction to a study of the period. As above said, we think Mr. Roscoe had a task so difficult as almost to transcend human faculty, but we do not "wish it had been impossible".

THE RIFLE BRIGADE.

"History and Campaigns of the Rifle Brigade." By Colonel Willoughby Verner (late Rifle Brigade). London: Bale, Sons and Danielsson. 1912. Vol. I. 25s.

THE story of an illustrious regiment such as this is the story of the modern British Army, for during the 112 years of its existence some portion of it has been engaged wherever a British force of more than quite inconsiderable proportions has fought. To understand the share taken by the riflemen a narrative describing events in some detail has been necessary, and these again have demanded some, even if brief, notice of the politics and strategy which brought about the combats. Thus to tell the doings of such a corps means to write an epitome of the military history of our country from the beginning of the nineteenth century to the present day. This task has been faced with commendable industry by Colonel Verner, and those, whether interested in the Rifle Brigade or not, who want to refresh their memories of our military annals cannot do better than study the very complete and carefully compiled volume before us. The birth of the nineteenth century coincided with that of the Rifle Brigade, and we may remark incidentally with the first appearance of a rifle regiment in our Service. With commendable tact Colonel Verner makes out this claim on behalf of himself and his brother officers, and quite quietly but none the less effectively asserts the right of the Rifle Brigade to a proud distinction. But we trust we need not point out that the peculiar distinction of a celebrated corps rests on something more substantial than a mere innovation of armament or of tactics. The exigencies of the American war of independence fought in a rough, wooded country had developed loose fighting and the art of the skirmisher in several of the units that were there engaged, but it was the singular good fortune of the regiment whose history we are dealing with that it drew its first instruction from a man essentially gifted in the art of training men, and equipped with courage and broad-minded views such as placed him ahead of his fellows. Colonel Coote Manningham did much more than teach men how to handle a rifle and exercise as light infantry. He encouraged men to think for themselves and developed their self-respect and intelligence in every possible way. The Standing Orders of the Rifle Brigade drawn up on its formation by Manningham and Stewart, his able coadjutor, not only provide for instruction in shooting, but they institute medals for good conduct and for bravery in the field, and for the classification of men according to their skill at arms by special badges. It was not for years that this system on which now rests the efficiency of our soldiers of all arms of the Service was adopted generally, while it was not until after the late war in South Africa that "Proficiency Pay", the logical outcome of Manningham's system, made its appearance. But Manningham and Stewart were even further ahead of their time when they instituted regimental schools with periodical examinations, lectures for the men on military subjects, and organised athletic sports. Sir John Moore at Shorncliffe gave the finishing touches to the new system, and it is a proud boast for the Rifle Brigade to be able to say, as it can, that the formation of the regiment marked a new era in the British infantry. Until then, with the exception of the Artillery, where the system of giving young officers responsible commands and a more or less free hand was already established, the Army was in the hands of the martinet. The command of a battalion meant an autocracy, and often the autocracy of an adjutant. It has taken almost a century to eradicate that system, and it was the example of the Light Division that first shook it. Therefore many more than Riflemen will read this book, and they will find a vast deal of interesting information scattered through its pages.

Colonel Verner often allows his authorities to tell their own story. Such a plan involves a little repetition, and is not conducive to the brevity and crispness that

might otherwise be obtained. But a regimental history is not to be judged by ordinary standards. Petty details as to dress or equipment or the actual number of rounds fired in action by an individual, when a narrative is in progress which deals with our military history for the last hundred years, may seem excrescences that it would have been better to lop, but such little facts appeal to officers and men of a particular corps as the daily tittle-tattle of family life interests its individual members, and they supply the salt which savours the lessons of historical pages. Thus the details of what occurred at Copenhagen, and the discovery by Colonel Verner of a silver medal given by Sergeant Robison for services on that occasion are of supreme interest to Riflemen, and indeed to all who study the military history of their country closely. From Copenhagen onwards we can accompany the Green Jackets in all their adventures throughout the world. We find the story of the abortive expedition to Germany in 1805, of those to Monte Video and Buenos Ayres, and marvel at the harebrained strategy which could ignore time and distance and objective in the mad wish "to do something" that characterised the administration of those days.

But it is with the Peninsular war and the association together in the field of the Light Infantry regiments trained by Sir John Moore at Shorncliffe that real interest in the story of the Rifle Brigade begins. The sources of information are numerous, pure and abundant. The testimony as to the enlightenment of Moore's system and as to the results it obtained comes from those capable of speaking with the highest authority, and has stood the test of more than a century's investigation. Our most modern experiences in South Africa corroborate the teaching and practice of the Light Division in the Peninsula, and it is not too much to say that the efforts of our most capable soldiers of to-day are thrown in just the same directions that Moore opened up to view in the days of their grandfathers. To Wellington, to whom foreign opinion has never done justice and whom many of his own countrymen even now imagine to have been merely a martinet of iron will or pigheaded obstinacy as they choose to call it, much credit is due also, and Colonel Verner once more reminds us that it was he who in defiance of the Horse Guards and with an intelligence in advance of his age first ordered our army to fight in line two deep. That was probably the greatest development which modern tactics has seen, and to it were attributable our victories over the best troops of the Continent. The account of the battle of Coruña is particularly good, and the brilliant counter-attack of the Rifle Brigade and 52nd on the French left is described with admirable clearness. That Sir Edward Paget's brilliant conception would have led to decisive results had Moore lived, there can be little doubt.

We cannot conclude without a word of praise for the manner in which the book is got up. The numerous illustrations of old uniforms and the portraits of distinguished commanders are full of interest, and must have cost a vast amount of trouble to collect. But they well repay it. Colonel Verner's reputation in military topography was a guarantee that the plans and maps which illustrate actions would be of the best, and it is needless to say that we are not disappointed in our expectations. We shall look forward to the appearance of the second volume.

AN EGYPTIAN PRINCESS' PASSPORT TO HEAVEN.

"The Greenfield Papyrus in the British Museum." By E. A. Wallis Budge. British Museum. 1912. 50s

THIS is a magnificent volume, worthy of the British Museum, and it has been edited by Dr. Budge with his customary learning and fulness of information. The papyrus contains one of the largest and finest copies of the ancient Egyptian Book of the Dead in existence, and was found in the secret burial-place of the royal high-priests of Thebes.

About 950 B.C., when Solomon was reigning over Israel, the priest-king Painezem II. ruled in the valley of the Nile. His power extended from the Delta to Northern Nubia, and though the authority of the legitimate Pharaohs, whose capital was at Tanis in the Delta, was acknowledged in name, so far as Upper Egypt was concerned it was a name only and nothing more. Painezem's daughter was called Nessu-ta-nebt-ashru, and she became high-priestess of Amon-Ra, the god of Thebes, as well as priestess of the presiding deities of other cities in her father's dominion. When she died, at a comparatively early age, a superb copy of the Ritual which was destined to conduct her in safety through the realms of the dead was made for her, or perhaps, as Dr. Budge suggests, had been already written by the lady herself in preparation for her journey to the next world. In any case, whoever may have written it, the scribe must have been an accomplished penman, and the work was evidently a labour of love.

In spite of the penalties with which the thief was threatened, both in this world and in the next, the robbery of the tombs of the wealthy in the necropolis of Thebes was a recognised form of livelihood among the poorer classes who lived in that neighbourhood, and it had reached alarming proportions in the age of Painezem. The precious objects known to be buried in the tombs were too tempting to allow either fears or scruples to stand in the way of the robber. Gold and jewellery were sufficient to overcome all fear of punishment at the hands of the Civil Government on earth, or of the gods in heaven. It became increasingly necessary to remove the mummies of the older kings from their original sepulchres and to find fresh hiding-places for them. Even then they were not altogether safe from spoliation, for it was whispered that the priests themselves could not always resist the temptation of relieving the dead man of some of his superfluous luxuries.

Painezem himself was buried in what had been the tomb of a Pharaoh of the eighteenth dynasty, and his wife and daughter were also buried in the same place. The secret of the sepulchre was known to few, and it was well kept. For centuries the dead slept undisturbed in their resting-place under the cliffs of Dêr el-Bahari, and it was not until the latter part of the nineteenth century that it was discovered. The discoverers were two brothers, lineal descendants of the tomb-robbers of the age of the Pharaohs, who lived on the site of the ancient necropolis and spent their days—or rather their nights—in excavating for treasure. Objects which evidently came from a royal tomb made their way into the hands of the antika dealers at Luxor, and passed from them to the tourist; among them was the papyrus of Nessu-ta-nebt-ashru, which was purchased by Mr. Greenfield, and after his death presented by his widow to the British Museum. The papyrus seems to have been one of the last of the spoils acquired by the discoverers of the tomb. Shortly afterwards Sir Gaston Maspero, whose suspicions had been aroused, caused investigations to be made, which ended in the confession of one of the brothers and the revelation of Painezem's burial-place. Its contents, mummies and all, were transported to the museum at Cairo.

The papyrus is not only a very full copy of the Egyptian Ritual of the Dead, some of the more important chapters in it being given in duplicate, but it also contains hymns, litanies, addresses and adorations to the various gods. Its freedom from mistakes and perfect state of preservation make this latter collection especially valuable, and it is a welcome addition to our knowledge of the religious literature of the Egyptians. The so-called "Negative Confession" which the deceased was required to make before the judges of the dead is given in two forms, hieroglyphic as well as hieratic, and before each "Confession" a deity is invoked. It is curious that most of the deities are obscure and little known. Dr. Budge suggests that as there are forty-two invocations they are connected

with the forty-two nomes of Egypt, each deity representing a nome.

The larger part of the volume is occupied with admirable reproductions of the papyrus, which is given sheet by sheet. Even those who are unacquainted with the Egyptian characters cannot fail to be struck by the beauty of the writing, and the vignettes which accompany the chapters are in the best style of Egyptian drawing. The Trustees of the British Museum may be congratulated upon having published a sumptuous volume; the papyrus was well worth the care and attention that have been bestowed upon it.

THE INCALCULABLE ARAB.

"A Modern Pilgrim in Mecca." By A. J. B. Wavell.
London: Constable. 1912. 10s. 6d. net.

"Fountains in the Sand." By Norman Douglas.
London: Seeker. 1912. 7s. 6d. net.

THE Arab is the only man in the modern world who preserves his racial savour and maintains intact the spirit of romance of an earlier age. Turk, Persian, Indian, Chinese, Japanese, have yielded, or are yielding, to the deadly contact of European progress and European civilisation. Only the Arab holds out. Secure within the interminable extent of his sandy deserts, every waterless and burning league of which is a surer defence than wire entanglement or gun-lined earthwork, he lives the life and thinks the thoughts of a thousand years ago. His ways are not Europe's ways, nor have all the understandings and conventions and solemn assumptions of European diplomacy and public opinion any hold or influence upon him whatsoever. The discrepancy often leads to rather ludicrous misunderstandings, for naturally we cannot understand how anyone can think or act from a quite different set of motives from those which influence ourselves, and our inclination to explain Arab conduct on the lines of European ideas lands us often in conclusions which only our solemn sense of our own importance can save from being ridiculous. One trait we can never master is the Arab predilection for a state of war—that is to say for war, not regarded as a contest or trial of strength to be wrought out swiftly to a decisive conclusion, but regarded rather as a chronic and permanent condition of things, a normal state of being and inter-tribal interest, which continues from generation to generation, to which all more or less intermittently lend a hand, and which is thus maintained, like our hospitals, year in year out by a system of voluntary contribution.

Nothing can be more offensive to our ideas than a kind of war which aims at none of the practical gains and advantages which we expect from a successful war, yet which nevertheless plays the mischief with all the industries and pursuits of peace. Consequently we refuse to recognise such wars, or if we ever mention them, it is always in terms of warfare intelligible to Europeans. Readers of the "Times" will have noticed how, about twice a year, there occurs a telegram from the Yemen reporting an engagement between Arabs and Turks. Usually the name of Sanaa occurs, and has done for the last twenty years. Sanaa is threatened, or besieged, or relieved, or taken, or something of that sort. Anyway the Turkish general—this is invariable—has sent for reinforcements and is confident of being able to deal decisively with the Arab rising in the near future. Jones at his club, for whom newspapers exist, reading this is quite comfortable over it. "Risings" are things he knows of. He can figure the process. Six months or a year later the same telegram or one practically identical—except that this time Sanaa is going through another phase in its habitual round of capture, siege and relief—appears in the "Times", and Jones shakes his head over the number of risings which seem to occur in that part of Arabia and figures to himself how he would deal with them himself were he in command. Little does he realise that for twenty years past "while

the Turks and Arabs have been struggling for the mastery, the history of the Yemen has been one of fire and sword". Mr. Wavell, from whom we quote, has the distinction of being the only Englishman who has witnessed the more recent "savage massacres and fierce reprisals" of this long-drawn-out struggle. The book he has written deserves far more than the passing word of praise and admiration which is all we can here bestow upon it. It is calculated to open the eyes of many. Above all it is calculated to open the eyes of those who generalise from their own environment, and who apply to desert life and the desert temperament those maxims concerning the "blessings of peace" and the "horrors of war" which represent the point of view of a prosperous and commercial society.

More still to the point is the case of Tripoli. The Tripolitan war, we are assured, is over. Peace has been declared. All the forms and ceremonies which announce the termination of war and herald a return to business have been celebrated. Delegates have met, terms have been promulgated, documents have been signed, ministers and princes have with the utmost solemnity pronounced the war at an end. Everything seems to have been conducted in strict accordance with Western rule and precedent. The only factor left out of account is the Arab. Unfortunately for the Italians, if the sea touches Tripoli on one side, the desert touches it on the other. If it is accessible to their men-of-war, it is accessible to the Beduin men-of-war also. What this means those best know who have observed how exactly the Arab's more dangerous and formidable qualities are regulated by his distance from the desert. Here lies the source of his fiery energy and of that irresistible élan which has so often carried all before it. As he recedes from the desert his figure dwindles and his nerves relax; as he is driven back upon it once more his stature dilates and he is again a menace to the world. Mr. Norman Douglas hazards the statement that "it matters little what happens in the desert where men and women are necessarily animals, but it does among the middle and upper native classes of the larger places". Most of Mr. Douglas' book is amusing and readable, but he has one rather serious drawback in dealing with a people like the Arabs. He has a profound disbelief in any chivalrous or romantic traits in human character. Now it is no doubt true that the Arab has more evil qualities than we could enumerate in a short article of this kind, but it is also true that the typical Arab—that is the Beduin of the desert—is at his most Arablike when he is, as he not seldom is, the very incarnation of chivalry and romance. The Arabs of the "larger places", if by that is meant the towns, rapidly degenerate and soon lose all their nobler characteristics. Only the Arabs of the desert, whom Mr. Douglas despises as animals, retain the high ideals of their race. These can still be formidable. They are subject to-day to the same bursts of passion, the same fits of religious fervour and fanaticism, the same proselytising mania driven home with the scimitar which winged their original exodus of twelve centuries ago and so terribly shook the nerves of the two empires given over to them as a prey. If their plans to-day have not the old success it is not that they have altered but that the world around them is altered. The desert still produces its Mahdis and dervishes. It is garrisoned even still by wandering tribesmen whose only common acknowledged motive is the Moslem faith. If the desert can make no impression on civilised Europe, it is still dangerous for Europe to venture far into the desert. What are the lessons of the Tripolitan campaign? The salient fact which emerges out of these months of strife is the unconquerable nature of the desert. In spite of numbers and discipline and scientific armament the Italians have barely maintained a footing and have never been able to advance beyond the cover of their naval guns. The first act of the drama is over, but it needs no great knowledge of Arab tactics to divine that there are several more to come. Italy has taken in hand an Arab war, and she will learn at her leisure what an Arab war is

like. Let Jones at his club keep a look-out. He will see within a few months a paragraph in the "Times" which may remind him of some others he has seen there: a little paragraph six lines long announcing that the outposts of Tripoli have been attacked from the desert side, that the Italian general has sent for reinforcements and is confident of being able to deal decisively with the Arab rising in the near future.

PICTURES OF CAMBRIDGE.

"Cambridge and its Story." By Arthur Gray. London: Methuen. 1912. 10s. 6d. net.

"Cambridge and its Story." By C. W. Stubbs, Dean of Ely. London: Dent. 1912. 10s. 6d. net.

TWO volumes appear under the same title simultaneously at the same price; the one by Mr. Gray, Vice-Master of Jesus when the book was published, and now Master of that College, is a new book, with sixteen illustrations in colour by Mr. Maxwell Armfield (of which more anon) and sixteen admirable photographs; the other, by the late Bishop of Truro, then the Dean of Ely, which first appeared in 1903, and is now in its third edition, is illustrated by Mr. Herbert Railton. There is no need now to praise Dean Stubbs' excellent "sketch", as he modestly called it, of Cambridge academic history; one knows what he meant when he confessed that he had "always tried to keep an open eye for picturesque and an open ear for humorous detail". Dr. Stubbs obviously liked Mr. Railton's illustrations; whereas we, after summoning all the piety of an alumnus, cannot admit that they give even a satisfactory representation of Cambridge. Many we consider simply ugly; several are badly reproduced and printed. Both books are tastelessly bound.

We have heard it alleged—so often that we have never been at the pains to verify the allegation—that Baedeker somewhere remarks, "Oxford and Cambridge are each well worth a visit; but if time presses Cambridge may be omitted". Whether the eminent guide ever said so or not, the implied contrast of the two cities is perfectly justifiable from the point of view of the travelling public for whom Baedeker so admirably caters, and the phrase pleases both Oxford as indicative of her superior attractions and Cambridge as protective of her delicate charms from the profane eyes of the unworthy. Mr. Gray wisely points out, at the beginning of his "story", that the conditions of either University were, from their birth, in great measure governed by their geographical environment. Owing to her command of a strategic position in the valley of our greatest river, Oxford has always been a centre of history; Cambridge is located no further from London, but lies nevertheless remote from the stir of things. Hence to-day her population other than that which is directly concerned with the University is insignificant in every sense except the purely sociological; whereas Oxford has attracted a large number of "residents", only too many, who are independent of the University. Oxford, again, owing to physical conditions, presents wider and more spacious views of her colleges; King's Parade at Cambridge cannot compete with "the High". On the other hand, while you can get no view of Cambridge comparable with that of the city of dreaming spires—not to mention lost causes—which one may obtain by following Matthew Arnold's route up Boar's Hill, there is nothing at Oxford, not even in the most favoured reaches of the Cherwell by Magdalen, to parallel the "Backs" at Cambridge from Queens' to Magdalene. "Laudabunt alii—"

Such considerations are not, in fact, as irrelevant as they may appear. If environment affects the growing individual, a series of generations of founders, benefactors, and pious alumni have affected the topography of Cambridge through the centuries. Streets busy with merchandise once ran where now serene grass-plots sleep in old courts; warrens of mediæval monasticism have given place to statelier and rather less

unhealthy colleges. Both our authors show how frequently in the early centuries invasions and migrations of scholars occurred from Oxford to Cambridge or vice versa, how even then they loved above all other things a fight with the town, and how, on the whole, then as now, Oxford drew her scholars mainly from the south and west, Cambridge from the east and north. Slowly out of confusion grew the idea of a corporate University; from casual lodgings the scholars drew together into hostels or boarding-houses, hostels became attached to colleges and sometimes absorbed into them; endowment of such establishments introduced a new feature, and the second and third Edwards maintained halls for "children". With the foundation of Clare in the middle of the fourteenth century comes a further development in the collegiate system, the University as a body giving the college a greater degree of official recognition, and counterbalancing that by an attempt at greater control.

After an interesting chapter on "Lancastrian Cambridge", in which Mr. Gray describes, as "probably the very kernel from which the University grew", the "Gramerscole" or "Glomery Hall", with its poorly esteemed society of "Glomerels", he concludes the story of the founding of the Colleges, from the second great period of activity in that direction under the last three Henrys to the fiasco of Downing and the triumph of Girtton and Newnham. These chapters, though here dismissed of necessity in a few words, contain some of Mr. Gray's most lively and picturesque descriptions, particularly the account of the well-meaning, misunderstood Dr. Caius, who in his statutes barred from scholarships the deaf and the dumb, the deformed and the lame—and all Welshmen. The last seven chapters are devoted to seven remarkable epochs and the famous men that adorned them. We recollect that an intellectual pastime of undergraduate days was the compilation of class-lists of the world's greatest men, leading to intricate disputes and considerations of relative values. A list confined to Cambridge men awarded, after a hot fight, first-classes to Newton, Bacon, Cromwell, and Milton, and an "honorary ægrotat" to Erasmus. Mr. Gray's picture of Cambridge as Erasmus found it and as he left it makes us regret the youthful contumely of such an award; but the reminiscence again calls to mind the long list of men we delighted to honour. Bishops and Archbishops—Bancroft and Sancroft, Whitgift and Wilberforce and Westcott, Andrewes, Gardiner and Parker; mediæval names, Coverdale, Ascham, Cranmer, Latimer, Ridley; scientists like William Harvey and Darwin; scholars like Bentley, Porson, and Jebb; Pitt the younger, Pepys of the Diary, Clarkson of the Slave-Trade, Kingsley and Sterling, Hallam, Thackeray and Sterne; and when all those are named, a glorious galaxy of poets, Spenser, Marlowe, Cowley, Cowper, Gray, Byron, Coleridge, Wordsworth, and Tennyson. In "Spenser and the Drama" Mr. Gray deals with Gabriel Harvey, Robert Greene, Thomas Nashe, Marlowe, Meres, and the "Parnassus" plays, and includes an extensive scenario of two of the latter. Next comes "Milton and the Commonwealth"; then a most spirited chapter on Newton and Bentley, two very different scholars, each equally great in his own way. Gray and his times form the subject of the next chapter, a chronicle only dull in comparison with that of Coleridge and Wordsworth which succeeds it. Sketches of minor Cambridge heroes and small anecdotes combine to give us a realistic picture of the University at the close of the eighteenth century; we turn the leaf and behold "Tennyson and the New Age". We are among a crowd of men who all affected the growing nineteenth century; many left a great name behind them. William Lamb, afterwards Lord Melbourne; Palmerston and Stratford Canning, John Cam Hobhouse, Byron, Macaulay, Praed, Bulwer Lytton, Herschel, Adam Sedgwick, Whewell, Darwin, F. D. Maurice—the list is endless, and Trinity men in particular abound. Mr. Gray's purpose in this chapter is to show what part Cambridge took in the

revolution of thought which was so largely influenced by her great son Charles Darwin, and in his "Epilogue" he neatly quotes from a letter written by Charles Kingsley to Dean Stanley: "Cambridge lies in an attitude of magnificent repose, and shaking lazy ears stares at her elder sister, and asks what it is all about. There is nothing, says Cambridge, in that book ('Essays and Reviews') which we have not all of us been through already. Doubts, denials, destructions—we have faced them all, and are tired of them. But we have faced them in silence, hoping to find a positive solution". On that note, the leading note of Cambridge, Mr. Gray wisely ends a book that will stand as a sane and vivid chronicle of the University.

We have left to the end the æsthetic pleasure of speaking of the illustrations in Mr. Gray's book. There are sixteen photographs of well-known views, but each photograph is excellently chosen and admirably reproduced. The outstanding feature, however, is the colour-work of Mr. Maxwell Armfield. Hitherto we have only known him as a clever illustrator of imaginative work, mostly of the class called "juvenile"; here, however, he is topographical illustrator and artist in one. We think it unfortunate that the least successful of his sixteen pictures has been selected as frontispiece, "Trinity College Bridge", with weeping willows and very large and very long-necked swans. In "King's College from the Backs", too, we cannot help feeling that the turrets on the chapel are out of proportion. But these are two small cavils at a body of good work and delightful art. Mr. Armfield manages to produce a happy effect of smoothness and low-toned colour that reminds one of early coloured lithographs, particularly in the soft and pleasing shades of buff and drab. Both the familiar atmosphere of rainy Cambridge and the brilliant sharpness of her smiles in sunlight are rendered faithfully in several pictures, which taken together give the truest and most endearing representation of Cambridge that we know.

NOVELS.

"Priscilla." By Mrs. George Wemyss. London: Constable. 1912. 6s.

"Blithering" is a current epithet, usually associated with idiots or nonsense, which however is not admitted to Murray's Dictionary. That authority cites "blether"—"to talk nonsense loquaciously" when a verb, and "vulgar talk void of sense" when a substantive—and "blathery", which as an adjective means "unsubstantial, rotten, trashy". But to say that Priscilla, the chief figure in Mrs. George Wemyss' new book, blethers blathery blether would be not only alliterative but misleading; it might apply to mere vacancy of mind or weakness of intellect. Priscilla is more than negative in this respect; she is positively vulgar. Seeing that "People of Popham", a book only less silly than this one, went into four editions, it is gravelling to think that a similar fate may attend "Priscilla"; for she is presented as a type of smartness and sentiment, whereas she is obviously an uneducated person destitute even of any natural culture or intelligent instinct. The fact that there is a public willing to read this sort of thing is no excuse for supplying the demand; and, although on principle we object to censors, somebody ought to have seen that a lot of useful time was not wasted in the production of such a book.

"Seven Scots Stories." By Jane H. Findlater. London: Smith, Elder. 1912. 5s.

To the above facts we need hardly add a description of this pleasant volume, nor at this stage of her reputation praise Miss Findlater's technique. The tales are of simple Highland or Lowland or Hebridean life, and deal gracefully with the elements thereof as well as humorously with the superficialities. It is not easy to select a favourite from the seven; we are divided between the humble heroism of Easie Dow in the first and the fine strength of Kirsty Gilchrist in the last.

Divina, in "Ower Young to Marry Yet", is a cleverly drawn character; and "Charlie over the Water" contains a fine little sketch of a boy who persuaded his aged grandmother to cross the Atlantic in search of a colonial son. With its five characteristic colour-sketches by Mr. Henry W. Kerr, the book makes a pleasant companion for the fireside hour.

"The Bountiful Hour." By Marion Fox. London: Lane. 1912. 6s.

Miss Marion Fox's new story opens with a glimpse of William Cowper at Olney in company with the Rev. Mr. Bull and the Rev. Mr. Newton, so the period and tone of the narrative are set at once. The reader is thrust into the centre of the Hume family, with its unsympathetic head Archibald, his fluttering young spouse and his three children, Isabella, Archie and Charlotte. The last is our heroine, and nearly all the rest of the tale is told as from her lips. Like too many modern novels, this is merely a short story spun out, but the spinning is handled with considerable address. Charlotte is quite a nice little girl and develops into one really lovable. She meets her young man, and he is well-to-do and in possession of a fine old house full of good things which Charlotte is quite nice enough to appreciate. She has run away from home several times since her mother's death and is apparently quite independent of her father, whom on one dreadful occasion she finds in a highly suspicious place and condition. Just before her wedding to Howard Luttrell a tertium quid steps in—a lady, now not only married but a Methodist, to whom Howard had once plighted his promise never to marry. It seems absurd enough to the twentieth century; but Miss Fox maintains the atmosphere of the eighteenth so successfully that we really feel Charlotte to be a rapturously unconventional person. Fancy a woman taking the liberty of thinking for herself and justifying sentiments she ought not even to harbour!

"Bunch Grass." By Horace Annesley Vachell. London: Murray. 1912. 6s.

The grass, beloved by the patriarchal pioneers in California, supplies in their title the local note to be found in this collection of short stories in which the author hopes historic interest may be preserved, since some continuity of incident has been attempted in the portrayal of conditions which have already passed away. Without challenging the accuracy in action and sentiment which has been attempted, the historic vitality of such studies must depend finally upon their power, and it cannot be pretended that there is any great fund of that in this volume. One story, and that the shortest, "Wilkins and his Dinah", is altogether admirable, terse, tense, dramatic and convincing; but there is nothing else on the same shelf with it. There is humour, a rather easy and obvious humour, in several; indeed, there is enough humour for a saving grace in most of them. There is an effective touch of sentiment in more than one—in "Alethea-Belle" for instance and "Dennis"—and there is none that is not readable. But in their execution they suffer from a self-consciousness of which one cannot but be aware. It does nothing worse, indeed, than add knowing little touches here and there to heighten the local colour and give a more effective emphasis to pathos or comedy, but it thereby spoils the simplicity and reality so essential in painting the ways of a primitive community.

SHORTER NOTICES.

"Romantic Trials of Three Centuries." By Hugh Childers. London: Lane. 1912. 12s. 6d. net.

Mr. Childers' book is as full of the varied interest which causes célèbres furnish as the rest of the rather numerous descriptive books of this kind. These trials throw much light on old manners and politics, and introduce many remarkable people in curious circumstances. One of the least known of them is the prosecution of Disraeli on a criminal information for libel, which arose out of an attack he made on Mr. Austin, who led against him the Maidstone election petition, and through him on the Bar at large. Mr. Austin was reported to have brought certain accusations against

Disraeli of "making pecuniary engagements with the electors of Maidstone." Austin did not do this, and when Disraeli found out the mistake he apologised handsomely and skilfully to the Court and to Austin. Other trials, such as that of the Duchess of Kingston, The Lyons Mail, the Canning case, and the Macaroni Parson, otherwise Dr. Dodd, have frequently been told; but many new aspects are presented; and they all picture social and legal life with the ease and skill of familiarity which Mr. Childers, whose death occurred before publication, possessed. The case in 1803 of Jean Peltier, a French émigré of the old régime, is one of a rarer kind. Perceval, Attorney-General, afterwards Prime Minister, in a curious situation of politics prosecuted him for a libel on Napoleon, though he afterwards, and then in fact, represented the opposition to the French Revolution and the ambition of Napoleon.

The Works of Thomas Hardy. Wessex Edition. "The Trumpet-Major and Robert his Brother"; "Two on a Tower"; "The Well-Beloved"; "A Group of Noble Dames". London: Macmillan. 1912. 7s. 6d. net each.

The first of these "Romances and Fantasies" is in Mr. Hardy's best vein, and the addition of the brother to the title reminds of the moving and almost superhuman sacrifice of the Trumpet-Major. The woman he should have won was surely as ill-mated as most of the Noble Dames who stand out memorably; one more tribute to Mr. Hardy's poignant power of dwelling on the sorrows of passion or love's disastrous whims. "Two on a Tower" adds to its rare and romantic treatment of astronomy an unwavering mastery of what may have been Shakespeare's story—a young man tied to a woman at first his apparent equal in age, but sadly older as the years go by. "The Well-Beloved" is not one of the author's successes, and temperament has to be pressed hard to justify it. Still to come so perilously near the ludicrous and not to suggest it is in itself a feat. Reading these books again, we are struck by the essential fitness and stateliness of Mr. Hardy's style. See, for instance, the last sentence in "The Trumpet-Major", which in its grave and effective conciseness reminds us of the patriotic odes of Horace.

"Masterpieces of Music." "Haydn" and "Bosini", by Frederic H. Cowen; "Schubert", by George H. Clutsam; "Brahms", by Charles V. Stanford. London and Edinburgh: Jack. 1912. 1s. 6d. each.

These books are of very unequal merit. The plan is to give a critical and biographical study of each composer, and to follow this by a short selection of his works. Sir Frederic Cowen's studies were hardly worth compiling, and the selections do not justify the term "masterpieces". Sir Charles Stanford's "Brahms" is a much more thorough piece of work, though we fancy it will be more relished by students than by the ordinary music-lover. Mr. Clutsam has hit a happy medium. His criticism is intelligent and sympathetic; and he is neither slipshod like Sir Frederic Cowen nor heavy and somewhat pedantic like Sir Charles Stanford. The principal defect of the scheme is that many of the compositions are not of the composers' best: the space is, of course, limited, and quality has had to be sacrificed to variety. However, the volumes will be found useful, especially by young musicians, and no one who is fond of music will be the worse for reading them.

BOOKS OF REFERENCE.

"Debrett's Peerage, Baronetage and Knightage." London: Dean 1912. 31s. 6d. net.

The growth of our Peerage and Baronetage is best exemplified by a comparison between this "Debrett", consisting of 2630 pages, which includes some 18,000 persons bearing hereditary personal or courtesy titles, with the three small volumes of sparsely printed matter which were published a century and a quarter ago. Within the last twelve months a marquise has been conferred upon Earl Carrington and a life peerage upon Lord Moulton, the former Lord Justice. Six hereditary peerages have been created and five have become extinct. Twenty-one new baronetcies have been called into existence, whilst ten have become extinct. Eighteen members have been sworn of the Privy Council, 213 new Knights have been created, whilst 418 Companions have been nominated to the various Orders. It may perhaps be as well to draw some attention to that portion of Debrett which deals with foreign titles of nobility. It is often assumed that because France is a Republic, therefore titles are not recognised officially. This is quite true in the case of those who have not gone to the trouble or expense of having their titles officially recognised by the "Référéndaires du sceau de France", but the Republic is forced to recognise the holders of those titles who have gone through

those formalities. Debrett, however, goes too far in assuming that French titles descend in the female line, though in certain cases the husbands of heiresses have been allowed by the King of France to take up their wives' titles. Thus it would be interesting to see upon what evidence the Marquis de Bucy establishes his claim to the title of Marquis de Gamaches or to the Spanish grandeeship attached to that name, seeing that the daughter of the last Marquis de Gamaches married the Marquis d'Héricy, and that her daughter was authorised in 1824 to use the tabouret to which grandees of Spain were entitled at the French Court. The carta de sucesión was gazetted to her granddaughter on 6 July last in the "Gaceta de Madrid". Beyond this, Spanish grandeeships are recognised whose holders' names do not appear in the "Guia Oficial" of Madrid. These are, however, but small blemishes in a work of reference whose duty it is to chronicle the present condition of the British Peerage, Baronetage, Knightage, and Companionship.

"Burke's Peerage and Baronetage." London: Harrison. 1912. 42s.

This is the seventy-fifth edition of a work which has in its time rendered great service to the cause of genealogy, though it can hardly lay claim to the research of G. E. C.'s Complete Peerage, or to the accuracy of its successor, which Mr. Gibbs is now publishing. These works are, however, so far beyond the scope of the ordinary book of reference that "Burke's Peerage" must continue to hold its own by the way in which it keeps in touch with the love of Radical Governments for the creation of Peerages and Baronetages. It must be admitted that a study of this year's creations shows that outside a few promotions the present Government have done their best to bring the House of Lords into closer touch with the people, as the genealogies which have been added are extremely short. This may perhaps be explained by the fact that they have hardly had time to establish their genealogies to the satisfaction of the College of Arms. These remarks do not, of course, apply to the promotions conferred upon Lord Carmichael and the Marquess of Lincolnshire, or to the baronies of the United Kingdom which have been granted to the Earl of Carrick and to the Master of Elibank. The new baronetcies are a trifle less democratic, but still they manage to introduce into the ranks of this honourable Order a good many men whose genealogies are necessarily brief. The Barony of Latymer, which dates from 1431-2, has been called out of abeyance at too recent a date to allow of its receiving more notice than a postscript. These criticisms apart, the new edition shows a steady advance on its predecessors. Not only have many old errors been removed or qualified by the substitution of such words as "claims descent from" for the positive assertion of such descent, but old matter has been verified and new matter has been introduced, thereby keeping up that constant touch with births, marriages, and deaths which is essential to those who wish to investigate family history. Space deters the editor from verifying his references, and compels him to leave this work to those who are not hampered as he is.

"Whitaker's Peerage, Baronetage, Knightage, and Companionship, 1913" (5s. net); "Hazell's Annual, 1913," edited by Hammond Hall (Hazell, Watson and Viney, 3s. 6d. net); "Whitaker's Almanack, 1913" (2s. 6d. net); "Who's Who, 1913" (Black, 15s. net); "The Catholic Who's Who, 1913" (Burns and Oates, 3s. 6d. net); "Who's Who in Science, 1913" (Churchill, 8s. net); "Books that Count: A Dictionary of Standard Books" (Black); "Englishwoman's Year Book and Directory, 1913" (Black, 2s. 6d.); "The Literary Year Book, 1913" (Onseley, 6s. net); "Clubs, 1913" (Spottiswoode, 3s. 6d. net). The amount of time and money spent on the revision of these annuals must be very considerable, and the publishers and editors of most of them have their reward in the knowledge that they are now producing standard and efficient referees as to affairs and the lives of those who take a leading part in them. A new-comer this year is "Books that Count"—a dictionary that would be very useful if prepared with a genuine flair for literary work that may honestly be said to count.

THE JANUARY REVIEWS.

The reviews, intentionally or incidentally, throw into strong relief the lessons of the Balkan war for the British people. Of course, there are several articles arising out of the war which are mainly concerned with the international side, such as Mr. G. F. Abbott's on "Peace?" in the "Nineteenth Century" and Mr. Ellis Barker's on the Conference and the balance of power in the "Fortnightly". Two or three are descriptive of war correspondents' adventures, like Mr. E. N. Bennett's account of the Turkish Press censorship in the "Nineteenth Century" and Mr. Angus

Hamilton's story of his capture by the Bulgarians and treatment as a Turkish spy given in the "Fortnightly". Of more immediate service are the contributions which tell once again how the Balkan States and Bulgaria in particular prepared for the war. Mr. J. Howard Whitehouse in the "Nineteenth Century" gives his impressions of the revelation of nationality, which to some extent he illustrates by a study of the character of the Serb and the Bulgar as seen in the cities of Belgrade and Sofia. The most vivid touches are supplied by Mr. Philip Gibbs in the "British Review"—the metamorphosed "Oxford and Cambridge". Mr. Gibbs says that when King Ferdinand gave the word to go, not an army but a nation was called out. Every kind and condition of Bulgarian was included in the general "mop up" of the national strength, old and young rallied to the flag with enthusiasm, and there was never a murmur from the forlorn women left behind in village and desolate farmstead. Mr. H. W. Nevinson in the "Contemporary" writes to the same effect: "We make a mighty fuss if a strike interrupts our holiday traffic. But in Bulgaria no train ran for weeks, except to carry troops, horses, guns, and stores. All business stopped. For a time all shops were closed. For three months no debts were paid, no rents collected. Trams could not run for want of men; cabs could not run for want of horses. Of private sorrow no one seemed to speak. Neither in public nor private—not from the ruined, the wounded, or the bereaved—did I hear a single lamentation or word of complaint".

How Bulgaria prepared for the crisis so long foreseen we know: how is Great Britain preparing for the crisis so freely predicted as inevitable? In a lengthy article in the "Nineteenth Century" the Duke of Bedford critically examines the military system devised by Lord Haldane, and declares that the special infantry reserve has collapsed. By destroying seven of the infantry battalions existing in 1906 Lord Haldane, according to the calculations of the Duke of Bedford, has reduced the number of men with the colours by 37,000 and depleted the Regular Reserve by 40,000, whilst giving us 20,000 men of inferior quality in the new depot battalions of the Special Reserve. "On the score of numbers, organisation, and training the collapse of these battalions on mobilisation is inevitable. How long will the representatives of the War Office in Parliament go through the farce of maintaining the contrary? and that in face of the returns issued by their own department". Earl Percy in the "National Review" finds a comic interlude between the speeches of Lord Haldane and his successor, but the situation has a darker side, embarrassing to the Opposition and full of peril for the country. "The voluntary system has broken down completely. Lord Haldane knows it. He knows too that the Government are leaving their successors the alternative of either bolstering up this sham or embarking on a system of universal service. The slightest move in this direction will, however, be greeted with the cry of 'conscription'. Properly worked, such a cry might turn an election. The opportunity is too good to be missed. The Government have no suggestion, no remedy to replace this abject failure, the Territorial scheme. Yet if the Unionists suggest any remedy, they will do it at their peril. The motto of the Government is 'Après moi le déluge', and in all the history of party strife no dirtier game has ever been played." Earl Percy seems to despair of ever making the British people understand the hard facts of national defence. The Duke of Westminster in the "Fortnightly"

(Continued on page 26.)

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makes an appeal for contributions to the Imperial Fund, which shall do for Tariff Reform and Preference the great educational work accomplished with the aid of remarkable financial resources by the Anti-Corn Law League. It would really seem that the Imperial Fund might cover educational work in other directions as well. The Duke of Westminster says "the majority of the British people are Imperialistic at heart", and that is no doubt true, but on the military as well as the economic side they too frequently dissemble their Imperialism or are unwilling to pay the price in the present, if necessary, for the sake of the future. A partial explanation may be that they do not always understand what the Empire is, and there is serious need of that "study of Empire" which Mr. Sidney Low also in the "Fortnightly" suggests the universities should support. No candidate should be able to obtain distinction in history, he says, unless he has shown adequate acquaintance with the rise, growth, and constitution of the Empire, which should not be an optional but a compulsory subject.

The connexion between the question of "The Great Drain of Gold to India" and the romantic history of "Jones of Nevada" is not obvious. It is established by Mr. Moreton Frewen, who in the "Nineteenth Century" utters a warning as to the serious economic effects which will follow the absorption of gold by India and in the "National Review" gives his recollections of John Percival Jones, who died last month in his South Californian home. Jones was a man who had seen much of the world and was capable of thinking out some of its problems, especially in regard to tariffs and currency, as a letter of his to Mr. Frewen amply proves. Some of his sayings would serve as excellent Tariff Reform texts. Here is one. "In the make-up of a nation the Art is more valuable than the Article." Here is another: "Free Trade brings the watch, Protection brings the watchmaker. Free Trade brings the machine, Protection the mechanic. Which shall we select? Men found communities, machines do not."

The "National Review" Notes are almost more than usually caustic; an article on the "New Crusader" shows how profitable the trade of demagogue has become. Mr. Lloyd George is now among the Radical plutocrats, and while enlarging on the poverty, wretchedness and despair of the poor, buys luxurious motor-cars and builds stately homes like the veriest of wicked lords. In "Blackwood" Mr. Arthur Page declares that Home Rule would be "disastrous to Ireland, dangerous to Great Britain and inconsistent with the development of true Imperialism". He judges Home Rule by the Imperial test and finds it wanting. The "Nineteenth Century" has three articles on Ireland: one by Lord Dunraven urging that the Irish question should be settled outside party politics by conference and consent; a second by Professor Morgan, who thinks it pitiful that moral timidity should obscure "a golden opportunity of uniting with the party in power in giving to the settlement the grace of a national reconciliation"; and a third by Mr. Maurice Woods, who attacks the industrial aspect of Home Rule and advances from history and present-day conditions arguments which would appeal to the members of the Labour party if they were not bound hand and foot to the Government.

"Falstaff—the English comic giant" and "The Faery Poetry of Mr. W. B. Yeats" differ widely in their suggestion: Mr. W. T. Stace writes with solidity upon Mr. Yeats' fairies in the "British Review", and in the same periodical Mr. W. L. George enlarges with more confidence than distinction upon the least exhaustible of Shakespearean themes. There is truth in his suggestion that Falstaff is quite definitely English. No one but English Shakespeare could have imagined him—save, perhaps, the author of Grangousier and Pantagruel. Mr. George should read, if he has not already done so, Morgann's essay upon the character of Sir John Falstaff. No one, since eighteenth-century Morgann wrote upon this eternal theme, has the slightest excuse for assuming dogmatically that Falstaff was a constitutional coward. Mr. George's conclusions may stand for themselves. "The outer Falstaff", he writes, "is English, and the lawless root of him is yet more English, for there is not a race in the world hates the law more than the English race. Thus the inner, adventurous Falstaff is the Englishman who conquered every sea and planted his flag among the savages; he is perhaps the Englishman who went out to those savages with the Bible in his hand; he is the unsteady boy who ran away to sea, the privateersman who fought the French and the Dutch; he is the cheerful, greedy, dull and obstinate Englishman, who is so wonderfully stupid and so wonderfully full of common sense".

In the "Fortnightly Review" Mr. P. P. Howe takes the opportunity afforded by Messrs. Martin Secker's admirable and complete edition of the works of St. John

Hankin to write an appreciation of the comedies. Mr. Howe—who seems, by the way, to have read the comic dramatists of the Restoration—talks quite sensibly of various matters in connexion with Hankin's technique; and in one passage at least rises to a critical opinion of some value: "Of course, an absolute objectivity is as impossible in drama as in any other of the arts. Hankin himself is not for ever speaking through the mouths of his people, as Mr. Shaw is, reducing them to mere *raisonneurs*; but in their every utterance there is something of his own sense of style and form—his people bear the impress of their author, or they would not be his people at all. The most realistic of artists has thus to put shape upon events and speeches, or he is no artist". We seem to remember that Mr. John Drinkwater in his introduction to the plays says something of this sort. Hankin had a genuinely dramatic style, which means that he could express himself through his characters without necessarily making them his mouthpiece.

Of the literary articles we have perhaps read with the greatest pleasure Professor R. Y. Tyrrell's paper in the "Nineteenth Century" upon this very subject of "Style". Mr. Tyrrell arrives at no very definite conclusion. "The result", he writes, "of this little essay would be to show that it is extremely difficult to define (or even describe) style, as it would be impossible to define or describe the colour blue or the sound of a trumpet; but that style rests chiefly on expression in words, with the essential condition that the underlying thought should have 'a certain bigness' in the words of Aristotle". But, if Mr. Tyrrell is careful to avoid a too strict definition of his subject, he has at any rate written a very agreeable essay, not less so for its being thickly sown with passages of English literature that we meet again with pleasure though we have them by heart.

For this Week's Books see page 28.

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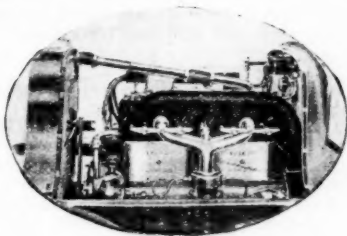
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By WASHINGTON

The Present Aspect of National Defence

By THE EARL PERCY

The New Crusader

By X. X. X.

Ad Memoriam: "Jones of Nevada"

By MORETON FREWEN

Politics in the London County Council

By R. M. SEBAG MONTEFIORE

Psalmanazar

By H. C. BIRON

Experiences at a German Sanatorium

By Miss MAUD LONDON

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By A. MAURICE LOW

The Black Man's Land

By Sir WILLIAM NEVILL GEARY

The Future of Japan

By E. BRUCE MITFORD

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AMALGAMATED PROPERTIES OF RHODESIA.

IMPROVED PROSPECTS.

THE third annual ordinary general meeting of shareholders of the Amalgamated Properties of Rhodesia, Ltd., was held yesterday at Salisbury House, London Wall, E.C., Mr. G. R. Bonnard, the Chairman and Managing Director of the Company, presiding.

The Secretary (Mr. G. T. Frost) read the notice convening the meeting and the auditors' report.

The Chairman, after referring sympathetically to the almost sudden death of Mr. John Sear, referred to the financial statement, and said that with regard to land in Rhodesia they had been informed that the company owns 66 farms with an area of 1,299,257 acres and a half-interest in four other farms of 288,430 acres. Three of the 66 farms, comprising 144,092 acres, had been sold to the Rhodesian Cattle and Land Company, Ltd., for £32,426, payable in fully-paid shares of that company, representing £2,256 over and above the valuation of those farms by Mr. Stewart Richardson. They had also subscribed for £15,000 working capital shares in that company at par. The sale of these three farms to the Rhodesian Cattle and Land Company and the subscription for working capital shares meant that they held three-fifths of the total issued capital of that company, and that they had not waited to start ranching operations on their own account, but had linked up three other farms under the before-mentioned terms with an existing ranching company already owning a property second to none in the whole of Rhodesia.

They had also, with the Transvaal and Rhodesia Estates, Ltd., a half-interest in four farms situated in the Gwanda and Tuli districts, comprising 288,430 acres, very near the before-mentioned three farms, and instructions had been given to commence ranching operations thereon on joint account. Three of those farms, approximating 140,000 acres, were near to the northern boundary, and the fourth farm, consisting of 158,000 acres, was close to the southern boundary of the big ranch owned by the celebrated firm of Liebig and Company. These farms had been most carefully examined and reported upon by Mr. Stewart Richardson, whose examination had been far-reaching, and whose reports entered very closely into the possibilities of these estates, not only with regard to ranching, but for mixed agriculture purposes generally. Mr. Richardson had informed them that on the three farms north of the Liebig estate the natives had small mobs of cattle in a most healthy condition, which clearly showed that the country in that area was eminently suitable for ranching purposes. He might mention that the natives pay a small rent for occupation rights, and it was not proposed to drive them off the ground, but, on the contrary, to encourage them in the rearing of cattle, which, with the object this company had in view, was all-important. Cattle disease was unknown in that district. The railway passed through one of the estates and closely bordered on the western boundary of the other two, whilst the township of Gwanda was only five miles distant. The railway had not yet reached the southern estate, but it was going to be continued in that direction, and as soon as this had been effected the value of the estate would be greatly enhanced. That block of ground of nearly 300,000 acres was well watered, the main river Tuli running as near as possible through the centre of the northern portion of that property and was fed by tributaries east and west of it, whilst the Umungwane River passed through the N.W. section of the southern estate and was fed by subsidiary streams from the west. There was also a large amount of timber of useful character. In addition Mr. Stewart Richardson had also examined and reported upon other of the company's farms in the Bulawayo, Gwanda, Makoni, Salisbury, Umtali, and Mangwendi districts, comprising a further 627,144 acres, bringing the total acreage of this company's estates in Southern Rhodesia reported upon by him to 1,069,666 acres, which he valued at £130,815 0s. 7d. in excess of the figure at which they stood in this company's books, and he expressed the opinion that their value will still further increase with the development of Rhodesia. The remaining estates owned by the company, consisting of over half a million acres, would be reported upon by Mr. Richardson at the earliest possible moment, and of which shareholders would have reports, which reports should form valuable, well-considered and thoughtful data, and would enable the board to deal intelligently with that most important asset. The board were informed that the farm "Woodlands," 37,549 acres, occupied probably the best position in the whole of Southern Rhodesia and was surrounded on all sides by well-known and developed estates, and was most easy of access by rail and road. Mr. Richardson reported that that estate was probably the best watered within a fifteen miles radius of Bulawayo. Turning to the mining properties and interests of the company in Rhodesia, the report would have shown them that Mr. Arthur Dickinson, a well-known consulting mining engineer, and also one of the directors, who joined the board at the Chairman's own invitation, proceeded to Rhodesia in the spring of 1912 to examine and report. The first property examined was the Champion Mine and claims adjoining it in the Umtali district. He was not at all favourably impressed with the outlook. In regard to the Ceylon Mine, development work on that property up to the time of Mr. Dickinson's visit showed that the gold lay in two short chutes in irregular formations, and that the ore was of a refractory character. The view held by the engineers of the chief partners was to let the mine on tribute, but Mr. Dickinson was averse to that and recommended further work to the west from the second chute and the sinking of further winzes for the lower level on the first chute, and that work was being undertaken; they must await results. Personally he hoped and believed that continued development there would be favourable. There were 2,343 mining claims in various districts, some of which Mr. Dickinson had advised the company were worth retention for further exploratory and development work; others he recommended to abandon, and the balance had not yet been examined. In respect of those abandoned they had written off £12,610. The company's total mining claims in Rhodesia stood on the books at £27,020 16s., an amount which he ventured to think would in the future be found to be not excessive. Since the period dealt with by the report the company had acquired on favourable terms a half-interest in about 300 claims adjoining or in close proximity to the Turko Mine in the Hartley district, owned and being developed by the Gold Fields Rhodesian Development Co., Ltd. After dealing with some other properties and the share assets, the Chairman concluded by moving the adoption of the report and accounts.

Mr. Jameson seconded the resolution and after some congratulatory remarks it was carried unanimously.

TRANSVAAL AND RHODESIA ESTATES.

AGRICULTURE, RANCHING AND MINING.

MR. G. R. BONNARD presided on Tuesday over the annual meeting, held in London, and after dealing at length with the accounts he said:

Turning to Rhodesia, without doubt our main asset there consists of our holding of over 500 stands, representing nearly one-fourth of the City of Salisbury, and let me inform you that the more important part of this holding is located in the very best part of the city. I do not think it possible for me to give you a better demonstration of this fact than by telling you that the last municipal valuation of the whole of the City of Salisbury showed an increase of about 22 per cent. over and above the previous one; but with regard to our stands, the municipal valuation showed an increase of nearly 50 per cent. Opportunities from time to time have presented themselves for selling some of these stands at prices showing profits; only a very few of these we have accepted, feeling sure that the proper policy for your Board to adopt is to await developments which we are certain will enable us to deal much more profitably, with this most valuable asset. Our view is that we should not, unless under exceptional circumstances, sell any of our stands without at the same time imposing obligations on purchasers to erect substantial buildings, and by this means create additional value for our adjoining stands. Our interests in Bulawayo are also of an important description, and we look with confidence to a like increase in the value of these and other holdings in different townships. Salisbury is the capital of Rhodesia, and the development of this great country, which is now in active progress, both with regard to its mining and land interests, is certain to greatly add to the value of our freeholds in that city. The responsible organisation of a Labour Bureau is now beginning to have its good effect, and though labour troubles may not entirely pass away, still they should, with wise counsels prevailing, be very greatly minimised. The drought has made itself badly felt, but there can be no gainsaying the fact that the last year has been in every sense an abnormal one in this respect, and, without in any way seeking to be optimistic, I think it may be concluded that similar conditions are unlikely to arise for many years to come. Matters such as these turn out ultimately to be a benefit, for they produce legislative enactments whereby the effects of a recurrence of such troubles will be considerably lessened. I must point out that difficulties of the foregoing description are not confined to Rhodesia, for even in our own country of Great Britain we have, during the past year or so, had enormous troubles to deal with in regard to labour—troubles which have had a far-reaching effect, and which have, in fact, badly retarded the progress of mining operations in Rhodesia. Machinery ordered from this country for the mines there could not be delivered until many months after the time contracted for in consequence of labour troubles here in our own country. Again, abnormal climatic conditions are met with from time to time in every country in the world, and, I think, on consideration it will be found that Rhodesia has nothing to fear by comparison in these matters. The big mines of Rhodesia—in this category I include the Shamva, Cam and Motor, Falcon, Planet, Arcturus, etc.—are steadily and surely approaching the productive stage, and I venture to believe that the output of gold and the profits thereby earned from these mines will greatly astonish those who in the past have had so little to say in favour of Rhodesia as a mining country. The wonderful potentialities of Rhodesian land, possessing as it does remarkable inducements for its development by the creation of ranching and mixed agricultural industries, can hardly be over-rated. You have seen that in Canada the price of land has sprung up by leaps and bounds. It is common knowledge that a few years back land in Canada which could be had for a merely nominal figure is to-day commanding prices showing a tremendous increase in value. The all-round climatic conditions of Rhodesia are infinitely superior to those of Canada. Rhodesia possesses a great variety of soils difficult to improve on in any part of the world; therefore, with the equable climate, the fertile soil, the growing population, and the marked commercial and mining progress, successful development of land in Rhodesia and its consequent increase in value must be assured, and with it also must come a great increase in the value of freehold land in the cities of Salisbury, Bulawayo, and other townships. Turning to our mining interests, you will see that we have developed with a fair measure of success a mining property in the Filabusi district, on which we have, to date, proved some 20,000 tons of ore with an average value of over 10s. per ton. Here I venture to express the opinion that in the past too little attention has been given to what I may call the smaller mines. Such mines as the Shamva, Cam and Motor, Falcon, etc., are unique, not only in the history of Rhodesia, but in the mining history of the world, and I think that the policy we have adopted in respect to our Fred mine, in the Filabusi district, might be copied with advantage in regard to other small mining propositions. Indications of a small mine becoming a big mine can only be found as the result of consistent and steady development work, and if this can be carried out by funds produced by the mine itself, then, surely, it is better to work on these lines rather than draw upon and impoverish the cash resources of the company. Our land holding in Rhodesia consists of 37,688 acres in the Bulawayo, Salisbury and Umtali districts, having, I am sure, a value far and away above the figure at which they stand in our books. We have also a half-interest in four estates in the Gwanda and Tuli districts aggregating 288,431 acres, the other half being held by the Amalgamated Properties of Rhodesia, Ltd. We have given instructions to at once commence ranching operations here, and the result should be both satisfactory and profitable. These areas have been reported upon by Mr. Stewart Richardson, one of the highest agricultural authorities in Rhodesia. I may say that Mr. Stewart Richardson concludes his report upon this land by stating that disease in connection with cattle has never been known in the Gwanda district, which is clean in every respect. We look forward with confidence to turning this ranching business into an asset of very great value. Naturally it will take some time for us to arrive at the goal of our success; it takes time, patience, and money to develop a ranch. When developed, however, the profits are very great; but possessing, we do, a half-interest in these four estates, covering an area of nearly 300,000 acres, well watered, and in close proximity to a railway, then, surely, we have the conditions which make for an ultimate big success. The large tract of land at Delagoa Bay is an asset which must eventually be of great value, and the important holdings in English estates will likewise, I am certain, in the course of time, show a very substantial increase. I have now dealt with practically all our interests, and I am sure you will all agree with me I have shown that the company's financial position is thoroughly sound and its prospects most excellent. I now beg to formally move "That the directors' report and accounts to September 30th, 1912, be received and adopted."

The report was unanimously adopted, and a vote of thanks passed to the Chairman and directors.

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